

Collier's

The National Weekly





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Collier's

New York, Saturday, March 21, 1908



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Volume XL

Number 26



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34th to 36th St.

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Collier's National Hotel Directory

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

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Atlanta	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Detroit	Philadelphia	St. Louis
Baltimore	Buffalo	Cleveland	New Orleans	Pittsburg	San Francisco
Boston	Chicago	Denver	New York	Richmond	Washington

A List in Pamphlet Form of Every Large Hotel

in the leading cities of the United States and Canada, with their rates, will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps to any one on application. COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 420 W. 13th St., New York City

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The number of small announcements that appear regularly in these columns indicates the profit that they are making. Send us your printed matter or proposition and our Service Department will prepare an advertisement and submit it to you without charge. In this way you too may share in these profits.

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT, 421 West Thirteenth Street, NEW YORK CITY

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

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SHIRTS DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO WEAR-ers. We can interest you. Send for our free illustrated catalogue. Swain Shirt Company, 465 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

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\$5.75 PAID FOR RARE DATE 1853 QUARTERS. Keep all money coined before 1875 and send 10 cents at once for set of 2 Cols and Stamp value Books, size 4 1/2. It may mean your fortune. C.K. Clarke & Co., Le Roy, N.Y.

100 ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS to all mentioning Collier's and sending 3c. for postage and mailing. Agents wanted at 1/2 discount. We buy stamps. Quaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

PATENTS

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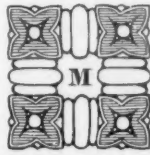
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Editorial Bulletin

Mr. Kipling's Magic Carpet



R. KIPLING'S third letter, "Testing the
Eldest Sister's Strength," which will be
printed next week, celebrates his pleasure
in the possession of a modern magic carpet
on which he flitted from point to point of
Canada. On board that carpet, he studied a nation that
in the main knows how much better it is to "drive" than
to "hustle" in a land where there are "the big skies and
the big chances." "If we could only manacle four hun-
dred Members of Parliament, and walk them round the
Empire, what an all-comprehending little Empire we
should be when the survivors got home!" An aged
pioneer, full of hope and energy, told him how he will
"be out next summer again—prospectin' North." "Oh,
yes, men said, there were mines in the country—they
were only at the beginning of mines." As for the
cities, they "have good right to be proud," with their
banks, libraries, hotels, and clubs. Mr. Kipling's article
expresses the "quiet horror" of the Great Lakes, so much
more terrifying than the salt honesty of the oceans; and
yet, of Lake Superior, he reflects that it is a "use-
ful piece of water."

"The Hired Man"

Q. We are glad to make room here for the following letter:

18 N. 50th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"EDITOR COLLIER'S

"DEAR SIR:—Pardon an uninvited suggestion, but suggestions are
sometimes worth while, even though they be unsolicited.

"Why not print in pamphlet form Harvey J. O'Higgins's story,
'The Hired Man,' for circulation in every factory and industrial est-
ablishment in the country where men give their labor and their interest
in exchange for wages?

"It will do more good if the front page bears the imprint of the in-
terested firm or corporation that distributes it than a half-hundred one
per cent profit-sharing schemes, or a score of Employers' or Manufac-
turers' Associations. It breathes the right spirit—the spirit of the
interested workman that is rarely found and more rarely understood.

"A good letter to manufacturers and other industrial employers, sent
with a copy of the story, ought to convince them of the desirability of
distributing such literature.

"Very truly yours,

"CHAS. B. SMITH."

Mr. O'Higgins's story appeared in the issue of February 15. Its thesis
was stated in this way by the man who told the story of "the hired man":

"We're all hired men, aren't we? Do I work the way I do for
money alone, or out of any loyalty for anybody? Does a soldier, or
a clergyman, or a doctor, or an artist? Does even a man like Lar-
sen? Is the world really run by wages—by hire—or by any feudal-
system sort of loyalty? Is it? Or is it the joy of the work, of the
game, that makes us break our backs in it? You asked me whether
I thought Larsen typical. I tell you, "Yes! Yes! A thousand
times yes!" You could get employees "worth their salt" if you had
work to give them that was worth its salt. You appropriate all the
joy of the work, all the interest of the achievement, and you leave
them nothing but the tasteless labor."

"The lawyer interrupted: 'Are you arguing for socialism or co-
operation?'

"The engineer turned to him, surprised. 'Me? Socialism?'

What is it? I don't know. I never have time to read up about
those things. I'm telling you what I've seen; that's all!"

Whoever wishes to follow Mr. Smith's suggestion and reprint Mr.
O'Higgins's story for free distribution may do so if he will first write to
Collier's, and, for copyright purposes, give us and the author credit.

The Saloon Articles

**Q. Next week will appear the first part of Mr. Irwin's study of the Dis-
pensary experiment in South Carolina and the events that led up to its
abolition; in the issue of April 4, it will be concluded with a detailed
account of the revelations following the closing out of the institution. The
next article, in order, will be called "The Clean-Up in Texas," and will
appear on April 18.**

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Drawn by
ALBERT STERNER

"SEDGWICK," Page 16



Collier's

The National Weekly



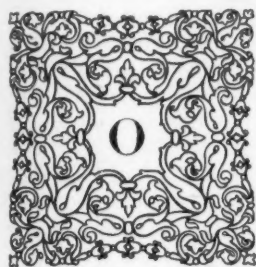
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Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

March 21, 1908

Confidence



LD BEN BUTLER once endeavored to foist his entertaining personality on the Democratic Party. He calculated that by becoming first the candidate of the Greenbackers he would leave the Democrats no choice. His well-laid scheme, however, went a-gley. There be those who think they can desery a similarity between BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER and WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. Mr. HEARST has called his "Independence Party" Convention for a date later than the Democratic National Convention on July 7, but the effect is the same, since everybody knows that the publisher owns his party and can have himself nominated by it if he desires. He can, therefore, go to Denver and deal on that basis. We do not, however, believe that the Democrats will be able to make any concessions. They can not give him a nomination, even for the Vice-Presidency, without putting themselves vastly upon the defensive. An alliance with him reads: "Anything to win," and that slogan is found usually upon the banner of defeat. Mr. HEARST is far weaker throughout the United States than he was two years ago. His "Fraudmayer" grievance has worn out. His methods toward Governor HUGHES, before, during, and since the campaign of 1906, have shown his motives and his nature. Yellow journalism, having emitted the fiercest yells within the compass of the human voice, is showing symptoms of fatigue. The country is radical, but regarding plain human character it has clear sight. It sees the difference between ROOSEVELT and HEARST. More than that, it sees the difference between BRYAN and HEARST. The next President of the United States will, whatever his party, be a man of sincerity, conviction, and public spirit. Probably no other will be nominated—certainly no other will be elected.

The Collapse of Reason

"THINGS," cries out that publication humorously known as "The Appeal to Reason," "look bad at this end of the line." Its expenses are now thirty-three and one-third per cent greater than its receipts, and this can not last. The owner is "fearful that the neglect of so large a part of the workers will knock us out." He is rather well frightened, but nevertheless relies on his readers "as a child confides in its mother," which we submit is "going some." Socialists ought to come to the rescue of the "Appeal," if it meets their conception of high-minded leadership. If it does not, they might permit its dissolution, after which they can build up an organ worthier of their cause; more representative, that is to say, of the many among them whose spirit is the spirit of the Galilean.

The Worried Stock Exchange

THIS CONTRIBUTION to a current discussion comes from the "Wall Street Journal":

"The Hepburn bill to tax stock sales fifty cents a share should be entitled: 'A bill providing for an easy transfer from the United States to England of a business worth hundreds of millions of dollars a year.'"

We think there is fallacy in the reasoning by which the Wall Street organ arrives at its conclusion. But be that as it may. At the risk of differing with those who include the prohibitive tariff among moral institutions, we doubt whether this argument answers our question of a week or two ago: aside from the small percentage of *bona fide* sales to purchasers who have the money to pay in full, "what additional service, of usefulness to society, is performed by the Wall Street Stock Exchange?" We think the "Wall Street Journal's" argument will look different if read side by side with another contribution to a similar subject. The constitution of the State of New York forbids pool-selling and bookmaking. Recently, Governor HUGHES called on the Legislature to carry out this plain intent. To the current discussion which arose comes this contribution from the "Dutchess County

Democrat and People's Plain Spokesman," exponent of local pride and self-interest for Poughkeepsie, a town of about thirty thousand, some seventy miles up the Hudson River from New York:

"But have the evil consequences to the interests of this county been considered? What of the interests of the large number of stock farm owners and fancy breeders located here? What of the owners of the fine mile track here? It is said that from \$60,000 to \$100,000 is annually spent at this track. . . . One business man estimates that these same visitors leave from \$50,000 to \$100,000 more among business houses and with the trolley road. . . . This will undoubtedly, if true, work a hardship upon many innocent parties. Many men will be out of employment. . . . Thousands upon thousands of dollars will not be put into circulation here. . . . But a hysterical public or minority can sometimes carry a thing too far. . . . It is time to call a halt in no uncertain way, relegate the prudes, the mossbacks, and eminent respectables to the background."

That proves that gambling should not be abolished!

A Question for the Brewers

IT IS TIME for the brewer, who controls by mortgage a majority of the saloons in large cities, to make up his mind—not to pass resolutions, nor form committees, nor to shoot wit at the Anti-Saloon League—but decide either to own his saloons and become responsible for them, or to cut loose and let the retailers stand and be judged alone. The present half-way relationship breeds on both sides an irresponsibility from which the public suffer.

Extravagance and the Ladies

POOR MR. CHADWICK! He has come in for more obloquy than any one we recall of late. He was the fictive gentleman, it may be remembered, whose wife was extravagant, and whose sad experience called out an attack of misogyny from an Ohio masculine subscriber. Among the mass of letters which result, a few join in the assault, but most defend the fair ones or rather cunningly divide the blame. Several readers describe Mr. CHADWICK himself as the most foolish person depicted in the story which bears his name, since he evidently kept both his wife and daughter ignorant about his business. "Criminally weak," says one, "is a man who permits his wife, or any one, to set a pace beyond his income." ADAM has never been admired for attempting to blame his weakness on his wife. The wines and cigars of the male come in for deserved observations, and so does frenzied masculine finance. Many point out, with just feeling, that, taking women as a whole, they are the force for economy in the home—the force that puts money to its worthiest uses. "In the domestic picture oftenest seen the woman wears her life out in household drudgery, while the man gaily pursues his business and recreations." As the returns are at present, it looks to us as if the ladies win.

Light Wanted

EVERY LITTLE WHILE, as it strikes a memory intent on other things, somebody emerges from the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives with a cry of graft. In 1903 the scream of Congressman LESSLER was more shrill than that of Congressman LILLEY now. It created more alarm. The cohorts of the whitewash got to work, and, in the end, returned a report which said that John Doe or Richard Roe had played a little joke on LESSLER, and that LESSLER had not seen the joke. The report went on to add that LESSLER was now fully cognizant of the joke, and that he did not wish to continue screaming. So everybody was asked to forget the testimony which brought in the name of LEMUEL ELI QUIGG, of Mr. DOBIN, or DOBLIN, who swore that what he swore to first was a sworn lie; and of "Doctor" KERR, who was once Health Commissioner of Chicago, and later was interested as a member of the Third House in pneumatic tube appropriations. But the light was soon shut off, and the committee lapsed again into its customary gloom. If the present investigation is thorough we shall hear new disclosures as to the methods of the Holland boat concern. Somebody should tell of the activities of their genial Mr. FROST, who was wont to take out parties on the "President's yacht *Sylph*," and to feed sandwiches and sparkling wine to the members of the House and representatives of the press. And will any tell the tragic story of poor BAKER, who in-

vented the first diving boat, and who trudged day after day about the lobbies of this same committee room until an appropriation had been voted to build a trial boat—an appropriation which, for some mysterious reason, eliminated BAKER and turned over his invention to the Holland boat concern? Better no inquiry than another flash of light followed by another wielding of the whitewash brush; but let there be no misunderstanding about this—the lack of a complete and exhaustive investigation must justly leave with the public a cynical and undiscriminating thought concerning not only the Holland Company, but every Washington correspondent and every member of the Naval Affairs Committee. Is there not among these a majority sufficiently strong in conscious honesty to make sure that the present investigation shall be real?

The Popular Branch of Congress

THE AUTOCRATIC RULE of Speaker CANNON has been attacked for the third time in the Sixtieth Congress by a member of the Republican caucus in good standing. When a motion was made to readopt the old rules at the opening of the session, Representative COOPER said of the Speakership: "It is more power, gentlemen, than ought to be given to any one man in any government that pretends to be republican in form and democratic in spirit." Later, Representative NELSON of Wisconsin made a vigorous onslaught on the rules, to which he had evidently given careful study. Now comes Representative MURDOCK, a Kansas editor, who is serving his third term in the House. Last year he, as a member of the Post-Office Committee, attempted by an amendment to eliminate a practise which had obtained for thirty-four years. This practise consisted, in effect, in the weighing of the mails for seven days of the week and then dividing by six in order to obtain the average mail per day, upon which the pay of the railroads is based. The divisor was changed by the committee, and then the Murdock amendment was knocked out in the House by an extraordinary application of the rules. The proposal was restored in the Senate, but was eliminated from the Post-Office appropriation bill in conference. Postmaster-General CORTELYOU then put it in effect by executive order, thereby saving the Government \$4,600,000 a year. This action of the House was chosen as a text by Mr. MURDOCK in his arraignment of the rules the other day. He insisted that the drastic nature of the rules was forcing a process of narrowing control which, while lodging power in a few, robbed the majority, not only of its privilege of initiative, but also of effective resistance. He favored and predicted as inevitable the simplification of the rules, the election of the Committee on Rules by the House instead of its appointment by the Speaker, increased membership of the Rules Committee, and, with proper exceptions, open sessions of the committees of the House, together with a public record of the proceedings and votes therein. When he had done, the old guard did not gather about and congratulate him. Furtively in the cloakroom a very few of his colleagues grasped the hand of MURDOCK. They are the ones with insight enough to realize that the United States Senate, not long since called "obstructive" and the "Senate of Special Interests," is to-day the popular branch of the National Legislature.

Thinking to be Done

WHO SHALL SAY that a civilization is perfectly organized which permits, within so short a time, the contrasted conditions pictured in the clippings reproduced on this page? Thousands have neither work nor the opportunity to work; yet are there in the world all the shoes and all the shelter and all the warm coats that are needed? It isn't so long since men who were called philosophers believed that panics were due to sun-spots. Any one who has faith in the progress of the world must believe the time will come when men will smile pityingly at the lack of intelligence in a generation which was very proud of itself, but suffered periodically from crises. Some blame is very immediate—a business institution is badly managed which so lacks balance that the sudden descent from top notch to deepest bottom takes place in a month and brings bankruptcy in its wake. But the question is very much bigger than good management of individual businesses: the world has a good deal of thinking to do.

Pain and Progress

MEDICAL PROGRESS has always met with bitter opposition. Dissection was, at first, regarded as desecration. All of modern surgery is founded upon it. The blessed alleviation of anesthetics had its powerful enemies, notably an English publicist, who denounced its use in child-birth on the ground that the Lord intended women to suffer, and any interference with His plan was impious! In the face of overwhelming proof of its efficacy—yes, of its absolute public necessity—vaccination is still combated by a small but lively body of fanatics. Thus it is not surprising that vivisection should have its ardent foes. They are not to be laughed out of court, these crusaders in a mistaken cause, for their contention is based upon unselfish and ennobling principles. But its apparent humanitarianism is fallacious. Intended to reduce the sum of animal suffering in the immediate sense, it would, in the long view, immeasurably retard the work of alleviating human pain and saving human lives. The bills now before the New York Legislature, from every reasonable point of view, richly deserve to be defeated. Any attempt to prevent vivisection belongs

to the dark ages of the intellect, with denunciation of dissection, non-anesthesia, and anti-vaccination. An analogous movement, though far less serious in potentialities to the race, would be the abandonment of our national fishing industry because it pains the bait. Incidentally, it is not to be forgotten that the present outcry against vivisection, focusing in New York State and devoted to pushing a bill through the Legislature, is not an uprising of the well-meaning. Rather it is the artificial clamor of a subsidized bureau with a corps of diligent press agents, lawyers, and speakers. In method alone, the crusaders are laying themselves open to the severest sort of criticism.

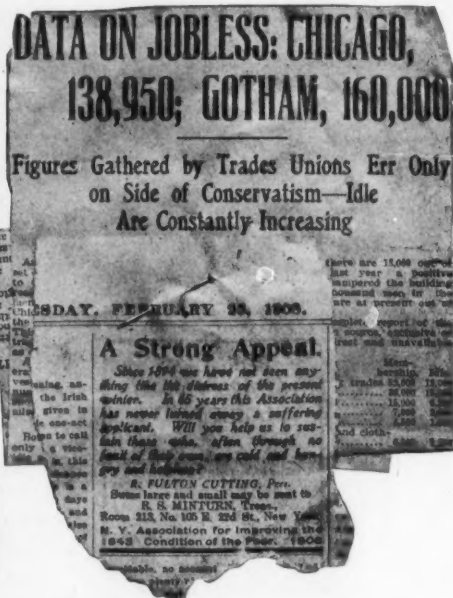
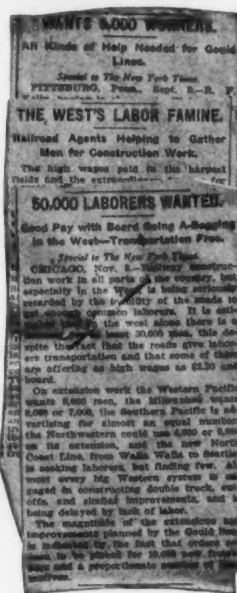
Iridescent Masculinity

MAN, LORD OF CREATION though he be, walks the earth clad in sombreness. So, annually in convocation assembled, declare those arbiters of the outer fates, the tailors. We must, they proclaim, free ourselves of the trammels of black-and-white, so long the prescribed and mournful garb of evening festivity. We must blossom forth in purple swallowtails. If not purple, then pink. Would that it might be so! Life is drab enough without dressing it for a Quaker part. Not that we ourselves yearn to emulate the lily of the field. But, toiling and repining as we must, we look with high hope to the time when, conning our morning's paper, in "the season," we shall miss the artistic details of Mrs. Somebody's imported laces and Miss Otherbody's superimposed diamonds, and, in lieu thereof, shall glad our eyes with something in this tenor: "The Hon. Heigh Muyque shone resplendent in a truly national costume, his coat being a spangle of silver stars upon a background of blue, while the emblematic design was carried out in brilliant but tasteful stripes of scarlet and white, running netherward." Or a description, in effect, as follows: "A. Parrow Keete led the cotillion in a creation which is destined to set a new fashion, the tails of the coat being cut very long and chastely designed, the one in mauve, the other in old gold, with a waistcoat of cerise polka-dots on a bodyground of pale pink-color. The bottoms of his trousers-legs were fringed with bells, giving a tone of extreme vivacity to this fetching costume." Place aux hommes! The women have had it too much their own way. While the suffragettes rage and imagine a vain thing as to the ballot, let man arise and, rallying to the slogan of the convened tailors, recover that which nature has allotted to his sex in the lower orders, the bravery of bright hues.

Age in a Little Town

THIS LITTLE SERMON is about growing old in a small town. Those who live in towns similar to this will like it. Those who live in the larger cities, where youth seems to last forever, because, perhaps, only the young are strong enough to keep in the foreground, may not find themselves especially in sympathy with its mood. It is printed in large measure because the woman who wrote it so evidently means all that her words declare:

"She was thinking of the time, five years ago, when she came, as a bride, to live the new and untried life of the Middle West. She remembered, so well, Ted saying: 'I am afraid, dear, the town will seem very small and uninteresting after New York, but I hope you won't be disappointed.' She remembered



The clippings on the left appeared in the New York "Times" in September, October, and November, 1906; the upper one on the right, and many others like it, appeared in New York and Chicago papers less than eighteen months later, and the appeal of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is now appearing in current issues of the New York "Evening Post." For thoughts suggested by this contrast see one of the editorials on this page

that she had not lived long in the little town before she was conscious that it possessed an irresistible charm. One day it suddenly flashed upon her what it was—the town was full of beautiful old people!

"She looked at them, seated about her; the ex-Governor, black-haired and full of the spirit of youth in spite of his threescore years and ten; the former Congressman, still a practising lawyer; the fine face of the postmaster, affectionately called the 'General' because of service faithfully given to his country; the banker, the doctor, the leading merchant; and then the Girl turned to the women, many of whom were beautiful still with the beauty which showed that it had been 'Not only with their lips, but in their lives.' And the amazing thing was that, contrary to what she had been taught to believe was the spirit of the times, she knew how absolutely the balance of power in this little community lay in the hands of these white-haired men and women, these sons and daughters of pioneer days.

"The Girl caught the voice of the ex-Governor as he shuffled and dealt the cards. 'Remember those doughnuts your mother made for the Governor, AMELIA?' He was finishing his fourth or fifth when he remarked: 'This is pretty high livin' for me, 'unt SALLY: doughnuts fried in lard.' And before Aunt SALLY could squeal her, AMELIA piped up: 'Tain't lard; it's coon's grease.'

"I guess lard wasn't the only thing scarce in those days, either,' chirped the philosopher. 'Remember KITTY HALL's silk dress? First one we ever saw out here. Remember how AARON WHITNEY wouldn't believe 'twas real 'til he had felt it?' 'Twas most too much for AARON—all he could say was: 'Gosh, KIT, it's silk!'"

"Aren't you talking pretty much for whist?" asked the philosopher's wife. 'I believe I am,' said the philosopher meekly as he turned to his hand. The Girl joined in the general laugh. 'Yes,' she told herself, 'they are like one big family, just as TED once told me,' and sighed with content at the thought of passing her life amid an influence under which she too might hope to grow old as helpful and as bravely too. Our town is on the road to Paradise."

On the road, to be sure! Along which we follow our various stars—as the song would have it, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." But is the road necessarily any *nearer* because less crowded? Possibly, for some, not so near—for men like Battalion Chief KRUGER, for instance, of whom we wrote the other week, who went to his death

at the head of his men in a New York fire, amid smoke and falling timbers and throbbing engines, among which he had worked and fought for more than thirty years—but for others, full as near.

Yellow Logic

MUCH SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA consists of pointing excitedly to perfection, and asking loudly why we aren't there yet, with an unrestrained intimation that somebody is much to blame. From a Socialist paper we copy these two:

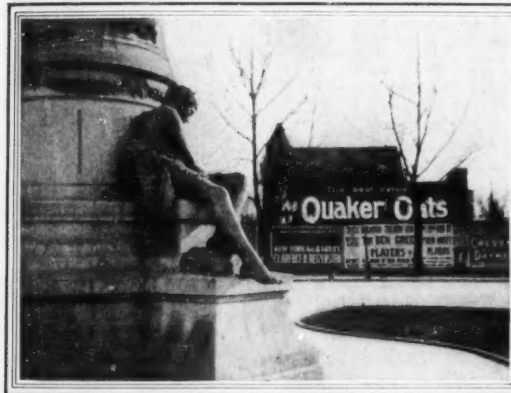
What is a man to do who is out of work in a financial crisis and is starving?

[Cut this query out, paste it to a postal card and address it to the local Methodist preacher. Next week this query will appear, and each week thereafter. Do not fail to cut it out, paste to a postal card and mail in turn to all the local preachers, editors, and the leaders of both the democratic and republican parties whose names and addresses you may be able to secure.]

Reward for Valuable Information

I have a tract of land which I wish to sell, but cannot perfect the title. What I need is an authenticated copy of the original deed by which it is said that the creator of the earth sold a portion thereof to the first individual purchaser. The available official records do not show this transaction, though it is asserted by many that such a deed was made, and must have been made in order to validate the land titles now in force. Anyone who can furnish the required information will be suitably rewarded, and is thanked in advance. A copy of the creator's deed to either an individual or incorporated company will be thankfully received and readily paid for if mailed at any time in the twentieth century to J. L. G., care of the Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

The eternal questions are readily asked, and these two as queries are just. The *non sequitur* consists in the assumption that all the evils of competition would disappear under an elaborate bureaucracy.



Base of the Garfield Statue, just southwest of main entrance to the Capitol grounds, Maryland Avenue and 1st Street N. W.



Going from the Capitol grounds across B Street S. W., on the way to the new House office building, these bill-boards assault the eye



Looking across 1st St. S. W. toward the Capitol. The bill-board here, as from other viewpoints, is more in evidence than the Capitol

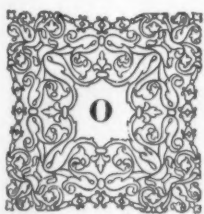
The National Capitol as a Background for Bill-boards

It will be seen that no respect for the dignity of the Nation's Capitol is shown, and that the boards are as close to the public enclosures as they can be placed. No one can travel in or out of the west approach to the Capitol, or pass toward the Congressional Library on the trolley cars, or visit the immense new House office building, without seeing these signs. The National Government is spending millions of dollars to make Washington a beautiful city. Shall the effort be defeated by such sights as these?

Sounding the Tocsin

A Quarter of a Century of Martial Alarms

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



OUR military and naval progress during the past quarter of a century has been accomplished by a series of scares. In the days when we sent wooden hulks to hobnob with foreign ironclads we had a naval scare, which, stimulated by skilful press-agent work, has made it possible now for us to assemble nineteen modern battleships and eight armored cruisers in Magdalena Bay. Germany and England did noble service as ogres before the American public. A double-page picture of the bombardment of Chicago by a British fleet brought the danger home even to the apathetic interior, and the British and German captures of New York and San Francisco were too numerous to catalogue. Even a Chinese squadron was able to hold San Francisco for loot and devastation. Not much was said about Japan at that period.

About the same time there was a coast-defense scare. The country learned that our seaports, armed with ancient smooth-bore guns, were all at the mercy of any Power that owned a modern cruiser. Even Samuel J. Tilden, with one foot at the door of the tomb, addressed a solemn warning to the country on that subject. It was decided that we ought to spend a hundred and twenty million dollars on

coast defenses. We spent it. We have substantially completed the scheme of the Endicott Board on Fortifications, and our principal seaports have been repeatedly declared impregnable to naval attack. We have spent a billion and a quarter of dollars on the navy, of which we have devoted over three hundred millions to new ships. Accordingly the time has come for another scare. This time it is about the army—the only place left for it. The alarm bells have been sounded in several quarters at once. One Paul Revere, hammering on the doors of the subscribers to "Everybody's Magazine," summons them to consider the awful consequences if Germany should back up "the five hundred thousand German colonists in South Brazil" in annexing themselves to the Empire. The fact that only seventy thousand Germans had emigrated to Brazil in fifty years, of whom 333 went in 1905, would not prevent the Kaiser from landing armies at Rockaway Beach and Long Branch, overrunning the fortifications of New York Harbor from the rear, destroying the Springfield and Watervliet arsenals, and capturing Washington, Philadelphia, and the naval stations of the Atlantic. And if not Germany, how about Japan? She could occupy our entire Pacific Coast, from Puget Sound to San Diego, fortify the passes of the mountains, and make her dislodgment "as abstruse a military problem as ever confronted the mind of a genius with a Xerxesian host at his command." We have "no arms and equipment," "no plans nor facilities for feeding and supplying," "no experts to lead the volunteers," and "no provision for their handling." And the excited editor, in a frenzied forenote, shouts to the terrified reader: "The result is with you, and you, and you. What are you going to do about it?"

It is rather hard to see what the ordinary reader

can do about it. About all he can do is to give money for the experts to spend, and that he has done lavishly. If the experts botch their job, and throw away the money with nothing to show for it, it is rather for the taxpayer to call them to account than for them to taunt the taxpayer with the results of their own incompetence. Last year the War Department asked for \$648,000 for ammunition and got every cent of it. It asked for \$1,700,000 for the manufacture of arms, and again Congress appropriated the full amount. It asked for a million dollars for ordnance stores and supplies, and its request was granted to the letter. It asked for \$564,377.90 for field artillery for the organized militia and that exact appropriation was made, even to the ninety cents. If we have "no arms and equipment," whose fault is it? Not that of the people, whose representatives have voted just what the experts have asked.

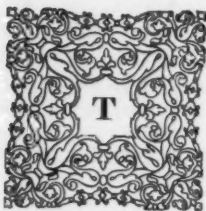
It is undeniably true that our military system is shamefully defective. After the war with Spain the cost of our army was suddenly quadrupled. We had the opportunity then to create a thoroughly efficient defensive force, with a skeleton peace establishment, capable of immediate expansion in time of war to three or four hundred thousand men. But the experts preferred to devote all the money to enlarging our rigid standing army, leaving us, if their present assertions are to be believed, without reserves, without supplies, and with even our costly regular force itself a mere tottering scarecrow. We have spent nearly a thousand million dollars on the army in the past ten years, and this is what we have to show for it. The estimates call for over a hundred and forty-two million dollars next year, including fortifications and other military works. The British army—a voluntary one like our own—with nearly two hundred

thousand regulars, not counting those in India, and almost half a million men in the reserves—cost a little less. Switzerland maintains a splendidly efficient citizen soldiery of two hundred and thirty-five thousand men at a cost of less than eight million dollars.

Our regular army is in a wretchedly demoralized condition. The Chief of Staff, in his latest report, lays his entire stress upon that fact, and upon the proposed remedies, instead of upon the need of developing such citizen reserves as would protect us from invasion if our navy should happen to go to sleep. Fortunately we are likely to have time enough to do what is necessary. The Paul Reveres would have us believe that the world is full of ravening military Powers ready to fall upon us at an hour's notice. The obvious fact is that there are only two Powers—Germany on one side and Japan on the other—from which the most fertile imagination could extract a possibility of danger. A mere enumeration of the others—England, Russia, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, China—is enough to turn the idea of invasion into burlesque. And when it comes really down to the point, even the tocsin-sounders do not commit themselves to the assertion that attacks from Germany and Japan are actually imminent.

The Newfoundland Sealers

By P. T. McGRATH



HIS industry is perhaps the most remarkable in the world, for it is pursued every spring on the mighty ice-floes which cover the North Atlantic off the coast of Labrador. The fishery has been prosecuted almost since Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497—first in boats, then in smacks, later in schooners and brigs, and, during the past fifty years, in wooden steamers, as the ordinary steel ship can not venture among the crushing ice-floes.

The sealing fleet now comprises twenty-five ships, which carry four thousand men. The "fishery" is rigidly regulated by the colonial laws. The ships can not leave port before March 10, begin killing till two days later, or continue after April 30. Sunday killing is also forbidden, and no second voyages allowed.

These seals, unlike their Alaskan congeners, which are chiefly esteemed for their furry coat, are sought for their skin and fat, the hide being converted into the finest grades of leather and the fat into oil, which is used as an illuminant in lighthouses, a base for fancy soaps, and a substitute for olive oil. Hence, the sucklings, as their skins are softest and their fat richest, are mainly sought. The young, which weigh about five pounds at birth, grow with amazing rapidity, weighing about fifty pounds in a month, and sprouting a creamy hair, which earns them the name of "whitecoats." At this period they are in their prime.

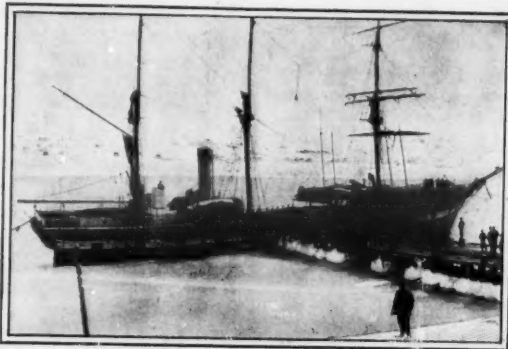
The seal herds number at times from 250,000 to 300,000 head. The steamers work through the floes as near the "main patch" as possible, and then hurry their men across the ice to begin the slaughter. Because of the brief two months, and the peculiar conditions of the industry, the ships are crowded with men, a vessel of 500 to 700 tons carrying 200 souls. The crew spread out fanwise from the ship, and in a day will range eight to ten miles from her. Each man carries a long, iron-tipped "gaff," with which he kills the young seal by clubbing and fracturing its skull; a sharp knife to enable him to separate from the carcass the "pelt," or skin, and adhering fat; and a rope with which he laces together four or five pelts into a "tow," and drags them over the ice to the ship if she is within two miles, or to some central "pan," or flat ice-cake, on which an officer has set up her flag, if she is farther off.

On each pan a hundred or more seals are heaped, to remain till the ship can reach them and hoist them aboard with her winches, and often days elapse before she recovers them. Occasionally she never succeeds in this. They are stolen by other crews in the night, or upset in storms and their contents lost.

To traverse these spacious ice-planes—chaotic, confused masses, seamed by watery lanes—calls for expertness and daring, which are bred in these people, who begin sealing as boys and continue it till they are old men. The perils they face are great, as was evidenced only last spring, when the *Leopard* was caught amid the floes the very day she left St. Johns, driven against the shore and completely wrecked, her 120 men having a terrible experience in reaching the land, as they had to clamber on hands and knees across the broken ice.

As the seals are killed and got aboard, the holds are filled, and when she is laden the ship hurries to St. Johns. There the fat is taken to refineries and the oil extracted by steam heat, and the skins are salted and shipped to Europe and America to be tanned. A ship has been known to be back, loaded, in nine days, and her crew—who have one-third of the catch divided among them, the owner taking the rest for his ship and outfit—to share one hundred dollars apiece, whereas an unlucky vessel may be out eight weeks and return with a few hundred seals, her men earning two dollars each.

Scotch, Canadian, and American sealers have at times ventured into this industry, but have never been able to carry it on successfully; and they have now abandoned it to the Newfoundlanders. In view of the complaints of the extermination of the Pacific seal herds, it is noteworthy that for one hundred years the Newfoundland seal-hunt has averaged 250,000 pelts annually, without any appreciable diminution in the herds.



A steam sealer at the wharf



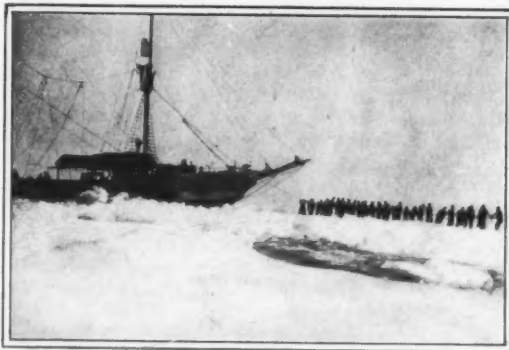
Off for Newfoundland seals



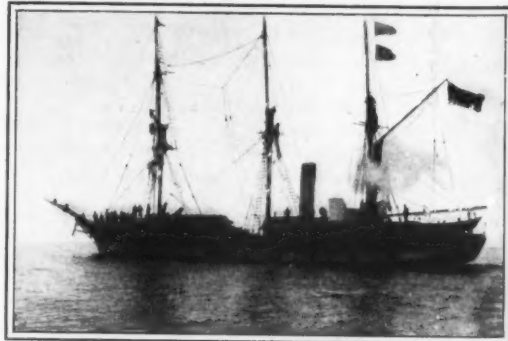
Collecting the pelts on a convenient floe after the killing



Off for the ship—hunters hauling the pelts across the ice-floes



Loaded and ready for home



Coming into St. Johns Harbor



Unloading the pelts



Skinning the pelts

Letters to the Family

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The second of a new series of travel articles describing the author's impressions and experiences during his recent visit to Canada and the British Northwest

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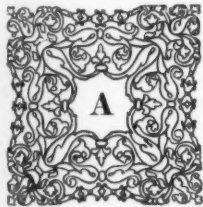
JUBAL sang of the Wrath of God
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Tubal got him a pointed rod,
And scrambled the earth for corn.
Old—old as that early mold,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
And the souls its waves divide—
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree
And passed to the farther side.
Black—black as the hurricane-wrack,
Salt as the under-main—
Bitter and cold is the hate they hold—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years
When wars and wounds shall cease—
But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spears
And showed his neighbors peace.
New—new as the Nine point Two,
Older than Lamech's slain—
Roaring and loud is the feud avowed
Twix' Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may crown—
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar
And there he builded a town.
High—high as the Passes lie,
Low as the culverts drain—
Wherever they be they can never agree—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

II—The Relatives at Work



UP-COUNTRY proverb says: "She was bidden to the wedding and set down to grind corn." The same fate, reversed, overtook me on my little excursion. There is a crafty network of organizations of business men called Canadian Clubs. They catch people who look interesting, assemble their members during the midday lunch-hour, and, tying the victim to a steak, bid him discourse on anything that he thinks he knows. The idea might be copied elsewhere, since it takes men out of themselves to listen to matters not otherwise coming under their notice and, at the same time, does not hamper their work. It is safely short, too. The whole affair can not exceed an hour, of which the lunch fills half. The Clubs print their speeches annually, and one gets cross-sections of many interesting questions—from practical forestry to State mints—all set out by experts.

Not being an expert, the experience, to me, was very like hard work. Till then I had thought speech-making was a sort of conversational whist, that any one could cut in at. I perceive now that it is an Art of conventions remote from anything that comes out of an inkpot, and of colors hard to control. The Canadians seem to like listening to speeches, and, though this is by no means a national vice, they make good oratory on occasion. You know the old belief that the white man, on brown, red, or black lands, will throw back in manner and instinct to the type originally bred there? Thus, a speech in the taal should carry the deep roll, the direct belly-appeal, the reiterated, cunning arguments, and the few simple metaphors of the prince of commercial orators, the Bantu. A New Zealander is said to speak from his diaphragm, hands clenched at the sides, as the old Maoris used. What we know of first-class Australian oratory shows us the same alertness, swift flight, and clean delivery as a thrown boomerang. I had half-expected in Canadian speeches some survival of the Redskin's elaborate appeal to Suns, Moons, and Mountains—touches of grandiosity and ceremonial invocations. But nothing that I heard was referable to any primitive stock. There was a dignity, a restraint, and, above all, a weight in it, rather curious when one thinks of the influences to which the land lies open. Red it was not; French it was not; but a thing as much by itself as the speakers.

So with the Canadian's few gestures and the bearing of his body. During the war one watched the contingents from every point of view, and, most likely, drew wrong inferences. It struck me then that the Canadian, even when tired, slacked off less



"Prospectors were coming in from the North, their faces full of mystery, their pockets full of samples"

than the men from the hot countries, and while resting did not lie on his back or his belly, but rather on his side, a leg doubled under him, ready to rise in one surge.

THIS time while I watched assemblies seated, men in hotels and passers-by, I fancied that he kept this habit of semi-tenseness at home among his own; that it was the complement of the man's still countenance, and the even, lowered voice. Looking at their foot-marks on the ground they seem to throw an almost straight track, neither splayed nor in-toed, and to set their feet down with a gentle forward pressure, rather like the Australian's stealthy footfall. Talking among themselves, or waiting for friends, they did not drum with their fingers, fiddle with their feet, or feel the hair on their face. These things seem trivial enough, but when breeds are in the making everything is worth while. A man told me once—but I never tried the experiment—that each of our Four Races light and handle fire in their own way.

Small wonder we differ! Here is a people with no people at their backs, driving the great world-plow which wins the world's bread up and up over the shoulder of the world—a spectacle, as it might be, out of some tremendous Norse legend. North of them lies Niflheim's enduring cold, with the flick and crackle of the Aurora for Bifrost Bridge that Odin and the Æsirs visited. These people also go North year by year, and drag audacious railways with them. Sometimes they burst into good wheat or timberland, sometimes into mines of treasure, and all the North is full of voices—as South Africa was once—telling discoveries and making prophecies.

When their winter comes, over the greater part of this country outside the cities, they must sit still, and eat and drink as the Æsir did. In summer they cram twelve months' work into six, because between such and such dates certain far rivers will shut, and, later, certain others, till at last even the Great Eastern Gate at Quebec locks, and men must go in and out by the side-doors at Halifax and St. John. These are conditions that make for extreme boldness, but not for extravagant boastings.

The red maples tell when it is time to finish, and all work in hand is regulated by their warning signal. Some jobs can be put through before winter; others must be laid aside ready to jump forward without a lost minute in spring. Thus, from Quebec to Calgary a note of drive—not hustle, but drive and

finish up—hummed like the steam-thrashers on the still, autumn air.

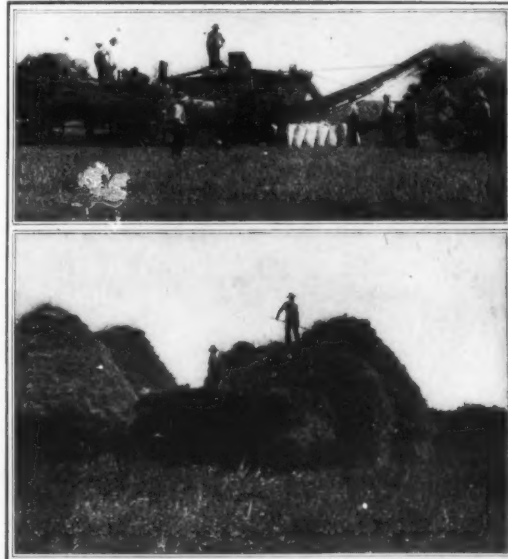
Hunters and sportsmen were coming in from the North; prospectors with them, their faces full of mystery, their pockets full of samples, like prospectors the world over. They had already been wearing wolf and coon skin coats. In the great cities which work the year round, carriage-shops exhibited one or two seductive nickel-plated sledges, as a hint; for the sleigh is "the chariot at hand here of Love." In the country the farmhouses were stacking up their wood-piles within reach of the kitchen door, and taking down the fly-screens. (One leaves these on, as a rule, till the double windows are brought up from the cellar, and one has to hunt all over the house for missing screws.) Sometimes one saw a few flashing lengths of new stovepipe in a backyard, and pitied the owner. There is no humor in the old, bitter-true stovepipe jests of the comic papers.

But the railways—the wonderful railways—told the winter's tale most emphatically. The thirty-ton coal cars were moving over three thousand miles of track. They grunted and lured against each other in the switch-yards, or thumped past stately at midnight on their way to provident housekeepers of the prairie towns. It was not a clear way either; for the bacon, the lard, the apples, the butter, and the cheese, in beautiful white wood barrels, were rolling eastward toward the steamers before the wheat should descend on them. That is the fifth act of the great Year-Play for which the stage must be cleared. On scores of congested sidings lay huge

girders, rolled beams, limbs, and boxes of rivets, once intended for the late Quebec Bridge—now so much mere obstruction—and the victuals had to pick their way through 'em; and behind the victuals was the lumber—clean wood out of the mountains—logs, planks, clapboards, and laths, for which we pay such sinful prices in England—all seeking the sea. There was housing, food, and fuel for millions, on wheels together, and never a grain yet shifted of the real staple which men for five hundred miles were thrashing out in heaps as high as fifty-pound villas.

Add to this that the railways were concerned for their own new developments—double-trackings, loops, cut-offs, taps, and feeder lines, and great swoops out into untouched lands soon to be filled with men. So the construction, ballast, and material trains, the grading machines, the wrecking cars with their camel-like sneering cranes—the whole plant of a new civilization—had to find room somewhere in the general rally before Nature cried: "Lay off!"

Does any one remember that joyful strong confidence after the war, when it seemed that, at last,



"The real staple which men for five hundred miles were thrashing out in heaps as high as fifty-pound villas"

South Africa was to be developed—when men laid out railways, and gave orders for engines, and fresh rolling-stock, and labor, and believed gloriously in the future? It is true the hope was murdered afterward, but—multiply that good hour by a thousand, and you will have some idea of how it feels to be in Canada—a place which even an "Imperial" Government can not kill. I had the luck to be shown some things from the inside—to listen to the details of works projected; the record of works done. Above all, I saw what had actually been achieved in the fifteen years since I had last come that way. One

advantage of a new land is that it makes you feel older than Time. I met cities where there had been nothing—literally, absolutely nothing, except, as the fairy tales say, "the birds crying, and the grass waving in the wind." Villages and hamlets had grown to great towns, and the great towns themselves had trebled and quadrupled. And the railways rubbed their hands and cried, like the Afrites of old: "Shall we make a city where no city is; or render flourishing a city that is desolate?" They do it too, while, across the water, gentlemen, never forced to suffer one day's physical discomfort in all their lives, pipe up and say: "How grossly materialistic!"

I WONDER sometimes whether any eminent novelist, philosopher, dramatist, or divine of today has to exercise half the pure imagination, not to mention insight, endurance, and self-restraint, which is accepted without comment in what is called "the material exploitation" of a new country. Take only the question of creating a new city at the junction of two lines—all three in the air. The mere drama of it, the play of the human virtues, would fill a book. And when the work is finished, when the city is, when the new lines embrace a new belt of farms, and the tide of the Wheat has rolled North another unexpected degree, the men who did it break off, without compliments, to repeat the joke elsewhere.

I had some talk with a youngish man whose business it was to train avalanches to jump clear of his section of the track. Thor went to Jotunheim only once or twice, and he had his useful hammer Mjolnir with him. This Thor lived in Jotunheim among the green-ice-crowned peaks of the Selkirks—where if you disturb the giants at certain seasons of the year, by making noises, they will sit upon you and all your fine emotions. So Thor watches them glaring under the May sun, or dull and doubly dangerous beneath the spring rains. He wards off their strokes with enormous brattices of wood, wing-walls of logs bolted together, and such other contraptions as experience teaches. He bears the giants no malice; they do their work, he his. What bothers him a little is



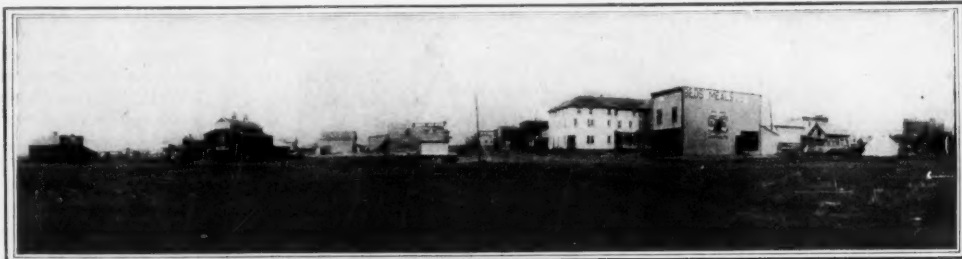
"He wards off their strokes with enormous brattices of wood, wing-walls of logs bolted together, and such other contraptions as experience teaches."

that the wind of their blows sometimes rips pines out of the opposite hillsides—explodes, as it were, a whole valley. He thinks, however, he can fix things so as to split large avalanches into little ones.

Another man, to whom I did not talk, sticks in my memory. He had for years and years inspected trains at the head of a heavyish grade in the mountains—though not half so steep as the Hex—where all brakes are jammed home, and the cars slither warily for ten miles. Tire-troubles there would be inconvenient, so he, as the best man, is given the heaviest job—monotony and responsibility combined. He did me the honor of wanting to speak to me, but first he inspected his train—on all fours with a hammer. By the time he was satisfied of the integrity of the underpinnings it was time for us to go; and all that

I got was a friendly wave of the hand—a master craftsman's sign, you might call it.

Canada seems full of this class of materialist. Which reminds me that the other day I saw the Lady herself in the shape of a tall woman of twenty-five or six, waiting for her tram on a street corner. She wore her almost flaxen-gold hair waved, and parted low on the forehead, beneath a black astrachan



"Take only the question of creating a new city. And when the work is finished, when the city is, when the new lines embrace a new belt of farms, and the tide of the Wheat has rolled North another unexpected degree, the men who did it break off, without compliments, to repeat the joke elsewhere."



"The green-ice-crowned peaks of the Selkirks—where if you disturb the giants at certain seasons of the year, by making noises, they will sit upon you and all your fine emotions."

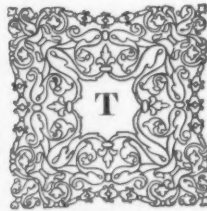
outstriking vitality of the creature remained. That is how I would have my country drawn, were I a Canadian—and hung in Ottawa Parliament House, for the discouragement of prevaricators.

"TESTING THE ELDEST SISTER'S STRENGTH," Mr. Kipling's third letter, to be printed next week, is an account of a dash across Canada on a modern Magic Carpet, and a rapid review of the Dominion's vast resources.

The Holy War of To-day

A World-Crusade Against Tuberculosis

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



TO OPPOSE a world-peril with a world crusade is the purpose of the International Congress on Tuberculosis to be held in Washington next September and October. Representatives, official and unofficial, from practically all the civilized nations will attend. Never before has there been so general a movement against a common enemy; so universal a response to a call for "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

The essentials of the problem are identical the world around; its details as varied as the peoples who will meet, through their chosen representatives, to exchange their experiences of the long, patient campaign. For the Great White Plague is impartially the same in Belgium as in Venezuela; in Japan as in Cuba; and the swarming tenements of New York breed and foster the germ just as do the overcrowded mountain hovels of the Norwegian peasant, or the close-packed huts of the Philippines. What advance Germany has won in the fight, by its notable sanatoria, supported by the compulsory insurance system, has its exemplary value for Canada and Brazil, and the failure of the laborious experiments of any nation may well point to the other peoples the way they should not go.

The three B's of tuberculosis hold universal sway. Bad Air, Bad Food, Bad Sanitation. There is the enemy in concrete form, and, back of it, its war-gods, Greed and Ignorance. The Greed that takes its ten per cent dividends from Whitechapel and Shoreditch, from Hell's Kitchen and the Essex Street rookeries; the Ignorance which licenses a doomed sufferer to poison the air

breathed by his fellow men. One mighty force the opposition has at its command—Education. "Lumen" is the one word graven on the medal of the Congress. Light! The light of the sun, which physically destroys the germ; the light of intelligence, of humanity, which as surely destroys the conditions under which alone the germ can live and slay.

So the aim and purpose of the world-gathering will be, primarily to teach some hundreds of millions of

people what tuberculosis really is; its terrible cost, not in lives alone, but in pauperism and economic loss; how simply it might be curbed and eventually eradicated, could anything like concerted action be attained. That there will come from the Congress any new cure, any specific solution of the problem, is extremely improbable. Much is hoped for from recent experiments in the immunization of animals, whereby the diseased milk and meat, which are such efficient disseminators of the pestilence, may be guarded against.

On the purely medical side, the vital matter of early diagnosis, which means not only the probable saving of the patient, but his elimination as a factor in spreading the infection, is likely to be greatly advanced. It is within the possibilities (somewhere between Hope's reach and Expectation's grasp) that a serum, analogous to the wonderful antitoxin that has all but conquered the terrors of diphtheria, may be given to the world.

But the vitally important phase of the question is the enlightenment and enlistment of the public. This, indeed, is the "American Idea" in the anti-tuberculosis war. To this end there has been included in the sections of which the American portion of the Congress is made up, an unprecedented number of non-medical men and women, sociologists, political economists, settlement workers, and practical hygienists. It is a notable fact that the presidency of that section which is of the widest importance, Section V, on the Hygienic, Social, Industrial, and Economic Aspects of Tuberculosis, goes to a layman, Mr. Edward T. Devine of New York. This does not indicate that the moving spirits of the enterprise are not medical men. They are. It indicates merely that they believe the problem to be greater than any one class or profession can handle, and that they hope for a vast volunteer army to support the smaller body of trained and expert regulars in the warfare.

"The ambition of the American committee," says Dr. John S. Fulton, the secretary-general, "is to profess to the world our faith that we in America can solve the problem by a direct appeal to the whole people." Nor need that appeal be to altruism and sentiment wholly. As a hard business proposition, tuberculosis is a highly expensive luxury. I term it a luxury in contradistinction to a necessity, which it is not in any sense of the word. To a few the Great White Plague pays a good percentage. Owners of airless tenements take, negatively, a profit from its maintenance, as do venders of tuberculous milk and purveyors of infected meat. But the public pays heavy bills, and if the public business sense of America, the "business nation," were fractionally as keen and farsighted as the private business sense of its citizens, consumption would be regarded as an economic absurdity, and as such would disappear. Putting aside the value of the lives lost—one out of every ten deaths, perhaps one out of every eight is caused by consumption—there is a tremendous burden of dead weight to be carried on, in the form of physical and mental incapacitation. At the age at which the productive power of the individual



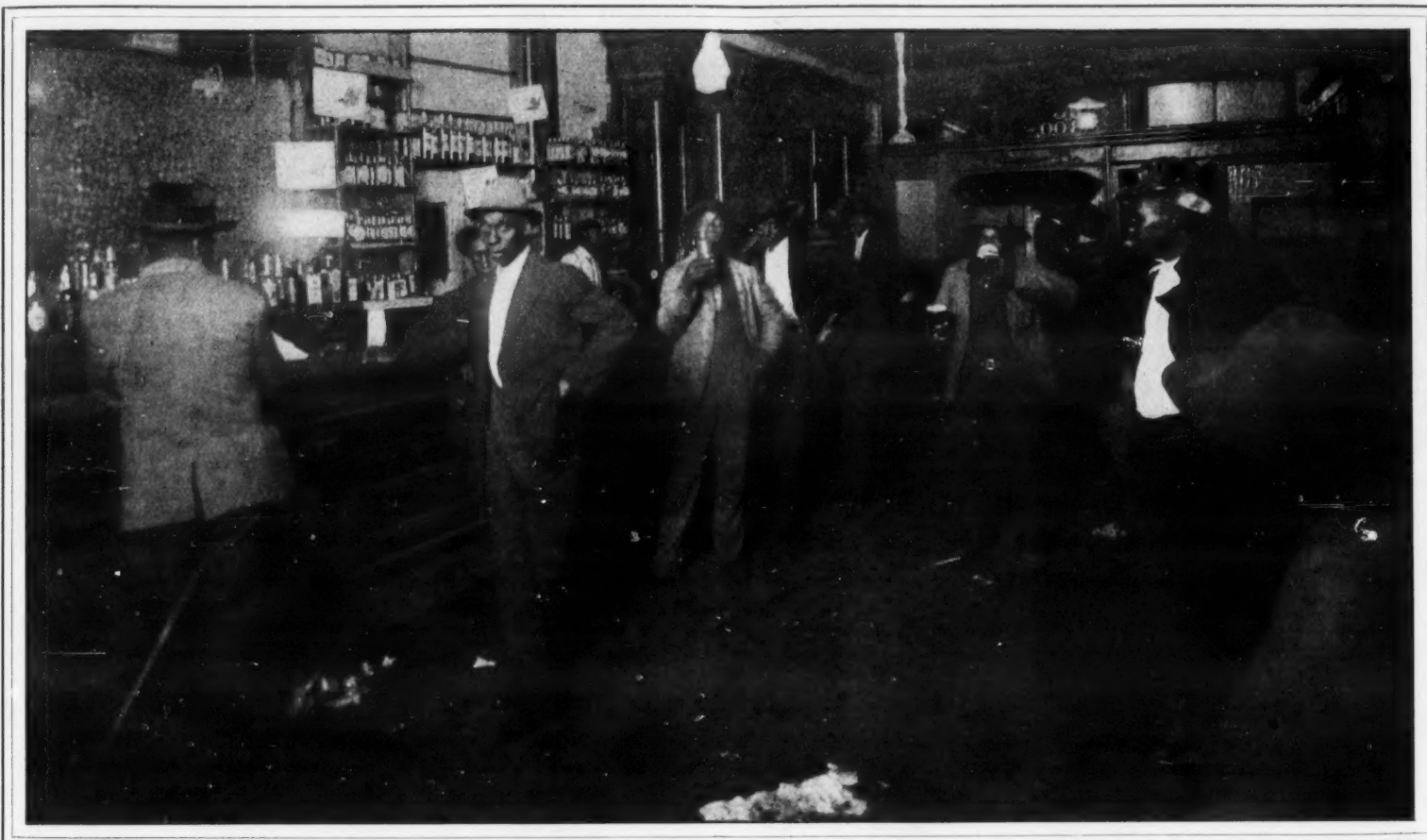
Medal designed by Victor D. Brenner to commemorate the International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held at Washington, September 21—October 12, 1908, a felicitous union. The symbolic conception is that of Enlightened Medicine waging battle against Disease. The enemy personified as a medieval dragon, lies not dead (for much remains to be done) but writhing under its death blow. The position of the lowered head, the open jaw, the lack-lustre eye, the crumpled wings all are eloquent of the dragon's ultimate defeat. The type of woman has been deliberately chosen to embody, not the conventional Sorrowing Humanity or Brooding Tenderness, but rather the cool, dispassionate service of Science. One arm holds a winged hour-glass symbolic both of the progress of time during the warfare against tuberculosis and the sands of life running less swiftly because of that warfare. The other arm is extended toward the sun, to invoke the cooperation of the Public and hailing the sun as the great Restorative

is greatest, that is, between fifteen and forty, one out of every four deaths is due to tuberculosis. And the corollary to these deaths is a bitter one, for the victim, dying, throws upon the world, in a large percentage of cases, dependents—wife and children, doomed now to become helpless and tragic parasites upon their own communities. Nor is this all. Those who contract the disease and recover become for a period inutile, in the economic sense. The nation must, as best it can,

carry them forward until they recover and are able to take up again their share of the burden, a process requiring from six months to two years. If the coming gathering serves alone to bring home to the world its wastefulness in tolerating a truly preventable infection, it will have achieved an inestimable advance.

Probably ten thousand people will attend the convocation. Too many can not come. The Congress is open to

all the people, all the time. An exhibition is in preparation which will be the most complete and exhaustive exposition in graphic form of what tuberculosis really is. The Congress will constitute perhaps the greatest scientific gathering in history called to cope with any specific medical problem. But it will be more than that. It will be the first general alinement of all the forces which make for the practical eradication of the world's most dreadful and useless plague.



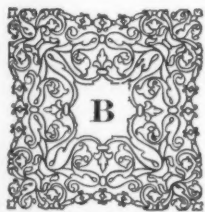
The American Saloon

II—Breaking the Saloon Power

By WILL IRWIN

Mr. Irwin's first article, "The City Saloon and Vicious Politics," appeared February 29; the next, "South Carolina's Substitute—and How She Fared Worse," will be published in two parts, on March 28 and April 4

A typical negro saloon—foul, reeking, a constant feeder of the police courts, a centre for brawls, trafficking, not only in bad whisky and gin, but in cocaine and worse drugs. It was this sort of low resort that helped to rouse Mississippi to the necessity for State prohibition



BACK of all the superficial causes of the new prohibition movement lies the degeneration of the American saloon. Defending the saloon, balking at attempts to regulate it, stands the machine politician. I showed in the first article of this series how the system came to be; how bad politics and law-breaking saloons are allied everywhere, in town and city, for mutual protection in their special privileges. "Take the saloon out of politics" has been a campaign battle-cry for a generation. But no ordinary political means served to do this. Communities desiring to curb the illegal activities of their saloons would rise, put a reform administration into office, and admire the coming of the municipal millennium. But the reformer, having other matters on his mind, would return to his regular work; and the professional politician, sneaking out from under cover, would mend fences and go on in the same old way. The Prohibition Party, with its insistence upon a single purpose, and the various temperance bodies, with their "all or nothing" policy, proved ineffective fighters of the saloon.

Then rose up a young clergyman who laid his finger on the weak spot of the alliance between the saloon and the corrupt politician. The Rev. Howard H. Russell had been a lawyer and a politician before he felt himself called to the ministry. He was a theological student at Oberlin College when the idea of the Anti-Saloon League first came to him. He carried his plan about in his gripsack for ten years before he got a serious hearing. The first application of his idea in Ohio proved that it was a good working method; and suddenly the Anti-Saloon League went with a rush all over the country.

Russell recognized that its political alliance is the strength of the saloon. Through it the liquor traffic is able to defy old laws and to prevent the passage of new ones. The politicians need votes in their business. The surest method of breaking the alliance is to make it pay the politicians, in cold votes, to side with the anti-saloon forces. In any political fight, choose the man least committed to the saloon, throw in all your forces with him, and you will immediately put

a premium upon decency in politics. From the first Russell insisted that the Anti-Saloon League should nominate no candidates of its own. That, he thought, had been the mistake of the Prohibition Party.

Further, the Anti-Saloon League would not try to do everything at once. Instead of opening a great campaign for country-wide prohibition, let it take a little at a time. Get all the townships dry that you can; when you have accomplished that, fight for a county local option law; and get all the dry counties you can. Then, when you have "educated" the people, throw in your strength for a dry State. After you have enough States dry, then it is time to think of country-wide prohibition.

The Mississippi Way

IT brought results; brought them as soon as the League got into fair action. It began to pay politicians to oppose the saloon. As the Anti-Saloon League gathered strength, the politicians came in squads, in companies, in regiments.

In the main, the older prohibition bodies, such as the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibition Party, have swung in behind the League and helped out. But the League has usually taken the lead; and this new method in an old cause has been the great active instrument of the contemporary prohibition movement.

Before the League was born or thought of, one State, in which it has never been organized, had adopted, independently, the same national method—Mississippi, the latest State to "go dry." After a steady fight of thirty years, it has just passed a general prohibition law. Bishop C. B. Galloway, leader in the Mississippi campaign, has been a league in himself. This State is exceptional in still another way. Elsewhere the economic consideration has been the main argument in this newer prohibition movement. Mississippi has gone dry mainly because of the moral and religious argument—

the twelfth, ultra-Scriptural commandment, "Thou shalt not drink strong liquors."

The whites of Mississippi, who do not consider the

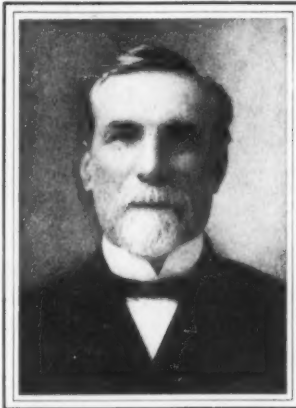
negroes as political units, boast that they have the most American State in the Union. Only South Carolina may dispute that boast. The foreign-born population is only one-half of one per cent. In the three Gulf Coast counties there is a sprinkling of "cans." The rest among the native born are nearly all of that old American blood which poured from the British Isles and fused on the frontier—English, Welsh, Scotch, and a sprinkling of Irish. It is a rural State. With a population, black and white, of about 1,750,000, it has only three cities—Vicksburg, Jackson, and Meridian—which even approach 30,000. In the north the country is a succession of small towns, centring vast plantations or farms of cotton; in the south, small cities and towns dot a region of great turpentine forests.

It is no proof of superior inherent virtue that the small towns, the farming districts, have everywhere gone dry before the cities have felt any movement toward prohibition.

In a community of two or three thousand the "best citizen" knows just exactly what the saloon is doing to his neighbors; in a big city the "best citizen" is seldom in a position to know. The "best citizen" of a small town must pass its worst saloons many times a week. He is acquainted with this town drunkard, that "wild boy." Even that petty gossip which is a curse in small town life keeps him informed.

So here was a great seed-ground for temperance sentiment and prohibition laws—an American State with the old American religion, and a string of rural communities, each so small that the best citizens knew the worst about its own saloons.

Out of the "reconstruction" period which followed the Civil War, Mississippi emerged a broken commonwealth.



Bishop C. B. Galloway, an effective Anti-Saloon League in himself, who made Mississippi "dry"

The negroes far outnumbered the whites—do still for that matter—and they were the least intelligent and progressive class of negroes—the farm hands “sold down the river” in slavery days. Parts of the State had drifted back into frontier conditions. Young men in Mississippi remember the time when each man “carried the law in leather on his hip.” It was well along into the eighties before the whites were able to concern themselves with the code of laws which had been fastened upon them in reconstruction times.

Along in that time of reform, of unrest, of general reaching toward a new state, the prohibition wave of the early eighties swept through the country. This movement was almost wholly moral in basis; not, like the new prohibition wave, partly economic. It built itself on the sentimental appeals of such pulpit orators and lecturers as Frances Willard and John B. Gough. Miss Willard invaded Mississippi; she was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. The reformers began to include prohibition in their political code.

At the time the greatest single religious force in the State was the young Bishop C. B. Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He became the leader in this cause. Galloway is one of those militant priests who combine with religious zeal a talent for practical politics. “It’s lucky, you went into the ministry, Charlie Galloway,” Dan Lamont told him once. “You’d have landed in politics as sure as the world; and where would I have been?” He is a grave, earnest man, with all the Southern grace of manner; a logical, straight, and forceful orator, as far as may be from the common conception of a Southern spellbinder; a man in all his six feet. One admires equally his steady zeal, which has lasted undiminished for a quarter of a century, and the prudent moderation which has made him refrain from the excesses of his followers. But for him, Mississippi might have passed a general prohibition law years ago—and seen it turned into a farce. He has been in the position of holding back the radicals with one hand, while dragging along the conservatives with the other. He maintained always that he did not want to see a general prohibition law until the State was ready—“educated up to it.”

Galloway was the chairman of the first State prohibition congress, called soon after Frances Willard stirred up the issue. He first attracted attention outside of the State by his newspaper controversy with Jefferson Davis, who had attacked prohibition as a political theory. This controversy, carried on publicly with all formal courtesy, bred some private animosity. “Jeff Davis prides himself on having always the last word,” said Bishop Galloway mildly once. “Well, I’m a somewhat younger man than he is, and I propose to have the last word in this.”

A complicated kind of city and township local option law was on the statutes at the time. Galloway started in to see what he could do with that; and he hit upon some of the Anti-Saloon League methods. Instead of trying for everything at once, he took what he could get. He dried up this town and that township, and let their increased prosperity be an argument to surrounding districts. But the method was cumbersome; what he wanted was a straight “county local option law.” This brought him directly into State politics; he worked, again as the Anti-Saloon League has done, to mass the “church vote” on candidates pledged to local option. By the session of 1886 he was ready to launch the measure in the Legislature. The whisky interests sent up a lobby and a large defense fund, not all of it collected in Mississippi. The fight was close and bitter.

Holding the Negro Votes in Line for the Saloon

THE State Legislature passed the local option bill. There followed a campaign in the counties. The eastern districts, where the whites greatly outnumber the blacks, were first to go dry. This in itself goes to show how wrongly the North believes that the “drunken negro” is the main cause of prohibition in the South.

But the negro, in another way, did come seriously into the question. In those days they had the franchise. Usually they could be counted upon to vote “wet” at local option elections—not because they loved the saloon especially, but because the ignorant field hands, ex-slaves “sold down the river” or their descendants, were purchasable voters. The price of negro votes in local option elections was as low as 25 cents, “and,” says a leader of the W. C. T. U., “\$50 for preachers.” Into one county the whisky interests, by their own admission, sent \$20,000 for campaign expenses. They hired no halls, held no processions, sent out no speakers. How, then, was the money used? Well, the negro vote defeated local option in that election.

On the other hand, the negroes sometimes voted for prohibition. For Galloway could go to their clergymen and “put the fear of God into them”—the phrase, used with reverence and not as slang, is his. Sometimes these preachers could keep their flocks in line until election day. But again and again the revivals got up to stimulate temperance feeling would be broken up by a saloon revival with free drinks on the side; and the negroes would vote solid for a wet county.

This union of the negro vote with the saloon policies was one reason for the Constitutional Convention of 1890. In plain English, that body met to disfranchise the negro. The Mississippi whites, knowing African psy-

chology, passed first a strict educational qualification law, and, more important, a law providing that any voter must have his poll tax paid in February in order to qualify for the elections of November. If a negro could pay his poll tax in one booth and vote immediately in another, this poll tax qualification would make little difference to him. But eight months is a long time for the improvident negro “hand” of the black belt to look ahead. Further, no effort is made to collect poll taxes from the negroes, while the whites are urged, by the newspapers and privately, to pay up and qualify. In Vicksburg fifty per cent of the whites of voting age pay their poll tax, and only one per cent of the negroes.

The county Local Option Law came intact through the Constitutional Convention. In 1892 the curious and rather complicated laws of Mississippi, regarding the liquor traffic, were gathered up and amended into the Dram Shop Act. That law, which will become a back number when prohibition goes into effect next January, provided that:

“Any county may, upon petition of one-third of the qualified voters, hold an election to determine whether it shall allow intoxicating liquors to be manufactured and sold. After such an election, no other on the same issue may be held in that county for two years.”

This law cuts both ways, of course; in a dry county the enemies of prohibition may call an election by petition to restore the sale of liquor. This is straight county local option. Further, the majority of qualified voters in any city, town,

it. By the same token, Meridian has remained dry because these same secret friends dare not put their names on a license petition.

When, in 1892, the Dram Shop Act, with a county local option provision, was finally on the statute books, and when the negro support was removed from the saloon in politics, county after county joined the fight. Communities would go dry, wet, and then dry again, but no county that so reversed itself ever failed to end up in the prohibition column.

The prophets who declared that prohibition ruined towns were put to confusion by the results. As a rule, the dry communities grew, the wet stood still. At the time of the Constitutional Convention, Vicksburg was the main city of the State; Jackson had hardly more than 10,000 people. Now, both Jackson and Meridian have grown to rival Vicksburg. The small towns have shown just as conclusively that prohibition is an economic success in Mississippi.

It Paid Mississippi Towns to Go “Dry”

FOR one example out of many, take Aberdeen in Monroe County. This district has about 18,000 blacks to 12,000 whites. Aberdeen is the centre for a cotton-planting country. It was a great trading town for the negroes, and, under the wide-open régime, the scene of their Saturday night revels. The “church element” tried unsuccessfully to pass a prohibition ordinance in 1889. When years had brought an increase of the prohibition feeling, the town tried it again. The saloon-keepers found a way of enfranchising the negroes. They would pay in February enough negro poll taxes to make sure of a majority, and lock up the receipts in their safes for future reference. On election day they would gather up their negroes, give them a few drinks and a little ready money, and send them out with these poll-tax receipts to vote wet. The surrounding towns and counties were dry by that time; Aberdeen was an important shipping place for liquors; this made it worth fighting for. So, as the whites were driven into the prohibition camp through sheer disgust with this method, the number of qualified negro voters grew.

“The chief benefit of the educational qualification,” said a Southerner, “is that it educates the negro to know he can vote only when the white man lets him.” When, in 1902, the whites finally resolved to force local prohibition, they passed the word that no negro might vote. No negro did vote; and the town went dry. After the first year of adjustment, Aberdeen began to grow wonderfully; but the greatest improvement was in public order. Before 1902 the grand jury brought from 75 to 100 true bills at each semi-annual session; since 1902 the average has been about 30.

Among the wet counties is Washington, in the rich Yazoo delta country; and in Washington is the town of Leland, known in all the lower river country as the “Hell hole” of the delta. In Washington County the blacks far outnumber the whites—the proportion is nine to one. Leland is a town of 2,000 inhabitants, the centre for a region of cotton plantations and small farms. It is the point where the negro farmers and hands come to trade—and to drink. On the two main business streets every third or fourth place is a saloon. In these establishments a small space near the door is set off for the whites; the rest, including the rear rooms, is for negroes. On Saturday afternoon the hands begin to come into town. From that time until Monday morning life in Leland is one black debauch. A State law ordains that there shall be no gambling in saloons; yet they all run crap games in their back rooms from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. They even proclaim this breach of law.

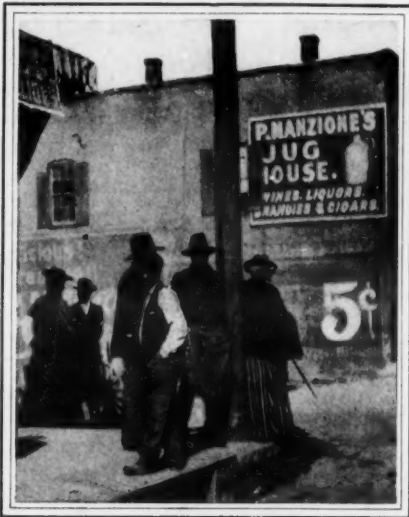
A sign over the back door of the “We-uns and You-uns” saloon reads: “No whites admitted to the crap games.” A State law provides a penalty for selling liquor to women in a saloon; yet the loose black women of all the country round frequent these places on Saturday nights. A State law commands that all saloons shall close on Sunday; these places close their front doors, and the debauch goes merrily on within. The white women of Leland keep off the streets on Saturday afternoon, and even Sunday is a ticklish day.

The more thrifty negro lessees usually have their rent, their bills for tools, and their business debts paid up by the 1st of December. From then until the end of December the cotton receipts are clear gain. In December, and especially in Christmas week, the debauch becomes a carnival. A

business man of Leland told me that the bank paid out \$28,000 on cotton accounts in one day last December. “Three-quarters of that went to negro lessees,” he said; “and I’ll venture that nearly three-quarters of their share went into the saloons.”

If you lived in Leland, had your interests in that community and in the country about it; if your town was mocked and made ashamed because certain liquor dealers needed the money; if during two days of every week your wife and daughter were afraid to go out on the street because of the black terror which overhung them; if you found your negro lessees failing because they had spent in the saloons the money they needed to keep the land productive; if, finally, the gang in control of politics laughed at all your feeble protests—if you lived day by day with these conditions, how would you vote on prohibition?

By the end of the century only ten or twelve counties in the State were wet. The rest had removed their saloons by straight local option vote or by petition. The liquor interests of Mississippi were concentrated



The “jug house,” a typical River town saloon

TO THE VOTERS OF LEE COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, wives, mothers and daughters of Lee county, appeal to each of you men to cast your vote in our behalf in the coming election on the question of Prohibition.—We are helpless sufferers of the liquor traffic. We have not the right of franchise; we do not ask it. We willingly leave the ballot in the hands of the strong guardians of our land, and earnestly appeal to the true chivalry of our Southern manhood to free our homes from the curse of whiskey, and save from its blight the youth of our country:

BEAT NO. 1. J. A. Williams, J. B. Williams, J. C. Williams, J. D. Williams, J. E. Williams, J. F. Williams, J. G. Williams, J. H. Williams, J. I. Williams, J. J. Williams, J. K. Williams, J. L. Williams, J. M. Williams, J. N. Williams, J. O. Williams, J. P. Williams, J. Q. Williams, J. R. Williams, J. S. Williams, J. T. Williams, J. U. Williams, J. V. Williams, J. W. Williams, J. X. Williams, J. Y. Williams, J. Z. Williams, J. A. Williams, J. B. Williams, J. C. Williams, J. D. Williams, J. E. Williams, J. F. Williams, J. G. Williams, J. H. Williams, J. I. Williams, J. J. Williams, J. K. Williams, J. L. Williams, J. M. Williams, J. N. Williams, J. O. Williams, J. P. Williams, J. Q. Williams, J. R. Williams, J. S. Williams, J. T. Williams, J. U. Williams, J. V. Williams, J. W. Williams, J. X. Williams, J. Y. Williams, J. Z. Williams, J. A. Williams, J. B. Williams, J. C. Williams, J. D. Williams, J. E. Williams, J. F. Williams, J. G. Williams, J. H. Williams, J. I. Williams, J. J. 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in the wet counties along the river or seacoast. In the cities of Vicksburg and Natchez, on the river, flourished the "jug trade"—shipping liquor into prohibition territory for home use or for "blind tigers."

Then the prohibition forces, now somewhat out of Bishop Galloway's hand, began to clamor for a State prohibition law. The W. C. T. U. was especially insistent. Belle Kearney, a fiery temperance orator, went through the State stirring it up. A prohibition bill, with the backing of the W. C. T. U., was introduced in the Legislature in 1902. In spite of a determined lobby on the other side, it might have passed on a straight vote; but the anti-prohibition legislators, in control of some important committees, managed to filibuster it out of existence. Bishop Galloway refused his active support. The State should wait, he thought, until the sentiment was strong enough to make a constitutional amendment a certainty. In the following session the W. C. T. U. decided to make no effort. But an overzealous legislator introduced a bill, which was defeated.

Between that session and the one that convened in January of this year, the whole State of Mississippi,

inspired partly by the example of other Southern States, swung for prohibition. As Galloway foresaw, the movement became too strong to be denied. Some of the most stubborn districts went dry, until there were left at the end of the year 1907 only seven wet counties, three on the Gulf Coast and four along the river or the Yazoo delta. Vicksburg had a moral spasm; the Sunday Closing Law, forgotten for years, was enforced by a new reform administration. Governor Vardaman, who had once helped to make his own county dry, came out boldly for State prohibition. In Mississippi State politics there is no Republican Party; a nomination on the Democratic ticket is equivalent to an election. Seven candidates presented themselves at the primaries, all pledged to prohibition. Noel won—more because of his record as an active prohibition man than for any other reason. The Legislature of 1908 went to Jackson pledged to a State prohibition bill.

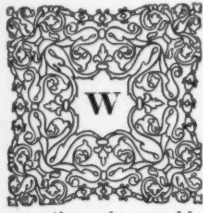
I saw that Legislature convene in a State capitol built—O modern miracle!—without a shade of graft. It was as far as might be from the modern State Legislature of the Northern capitals—it recalled, as all Mississippi recalls, the old days of the American Republic. They

were mostly young, farmer-looking men; the hawk-faced, formal, vigorous type of Southern statesman prevailed. No lobby in sight, no Albany House of Mirth, no Sacramento sack, no Springfield corporation attorneys. They met each morning at ten to transact the business of the Commonwealth; when it was done they went their way, mostly to their boarding-houses. In their Monday morning "personals" the Jackson newspapers noted the places where the legislators had attended church. It made one wonder if all this was because there is no longer any saloon influence in Mississippi politics.

On the first day of business an embarrassment arose. The calendar was choked with no-license bills. Every man of the lot wanted to go down as the "father of prohibition." Thence rose some bickering and considerable minor difference of opinion. A joint committee patched the bills together, and by the end of January a prohibition law, to take effect in 1908, was an accomplished fact. A constitutional amendment, to be submitted to the people at the November election, is next in order. As he told Jefferson Davis, Bishop Galloway has lived to have the last word.

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY, celebrated for its Nationality and nice printing,

DEAR SIR:—



WHAT say Hon. Galileo when enjoying execution by ax? He say, "This World do move!" Then neck-chop ensue to interrupt that great thought at wind-pipe. If Japanese Boy was there he would enquire to know, "What do move this World, please?" Answer for this reply is: "Hon. Gasolene do!"

One quaint American proverb say, "Where there is Smoke there is Blazes." This is especially truthful about Pittsburgh. Yet how much more proverbial it would be to say it, "Where there is Smell there is Speed." I know because!

Mr. Editor, I do not possess of my ownship any automobiles, but my cousin Nogi gave me acquaintance to Hon. G. W. Nishi, celebrated coachman for all four-cars. This Nishi wear rubber uniform of Japanese Field Marshal. He appear to look like Marquis Oyama, but is much more important about it. I reverence him because he have killed several Americans and some Christians.

"Hon. Nishi," I collapse with Japanese salute, "nobody not yet have invited me to ride in one."

"Maybe so it might," he subdivide with forgetful expression.

"Do automobiles make persons civilized?" I require for answer.

"Ask the Motor Man!" signify this Hon. Nishi making buzz-buzz of machinery and disappear with considerable odor. Soon I hope to become a dear acquaintance to this Nishi who would be a very nice friend for chum.

Next I go to livery stable where automobiles is kept. There I meet Motor Man who suspect me of being Japanese Count ambitious to buy one. I become immediately deceptive. He suffocate me with international courtesy. He show me several four-cars of delicious machinery.

"How much for price of red automobile?" I enquire to know.

"Red automobile is \$8,000 by price, Mr. Count," he collapse with politeness.

"How much for price of green automobile?" I ask for haughty reply.

"Green automobile is \$2,000 for price, Hon. Sir," he dictate for reverence.

"Quite well," I retrograde. "Then paint red automobile green and Japanese Boy will take it for \$2,000."

This Motor Man hesitate to do. So he donate to me one cigar of value 25c. and we enjoy a very elaborate interview about Hon. Gasolene which is a wonderfully civilized drug. By ancient history, say this Motor Man, Hon. Gasolene was a very humble medicine. It was principally useful for removing raspberries from gloves and could be employed in cook-stoves for explosions. Gasolene was next discovered to be one nice chemical for insurance. This gave it public interest which made it necessary for all forms of motor.

Gasolene is so easy to distinguish from cologne that it appear deceptive. "Though lost to sight to memory strong" and "Gone, but not forgotten" was once fashionable for funerals. Them remarks is now mostly heard at automobile races.

Hon. Gasolene will make great civilization for future, say Motor Man. Niagara Falls will be runned by this fuel, machinery of Congress will go by gasolene-motor, farmers will turn horse-stable into garage and gather hay by

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XVII—The Hon. Gasolene

By HASHIMURA TOGO



gasolene. Warfare of future, say Motor Man, will be shot off by Hon. Gasolene. Japanese Imperial Horse Guards on prancing motor-cycles will make desperation of charge on Gen. Kouropatkin with light runabout division on left wing while automobile batteries from hills will make considerable banzai with Shimose powder & fireworks. By shot & shell, shout-call, enjoyment of death & wounds long red line of touring-cars will charge from trenches while all day long them commissary-buggies will make hurry-up trip to firing-line to bring more gasolene from Army Canteen. Japanese air-navy of fly-machines will do something, too, probably, with them 1,000 horse-power aromatic engines. O such delightful banzai! Pierce honking from all sides, sharp report of punctuated tires—Nippon forever! On, men of Nagasaki! Let us shed last drop of gasolene for home & mother!!

This is future warfare by Hon. Gasolene. What say Hebrew Prophet? "He smelleth the battle from away off and he yelleth 'O my!'"

This Motor Man tell me some serious truth about Hon. Gasolene when took internally by victims. It is a very habitual drug like cocktails, cocaine, opium-smoke and Peruna. When continually enjoyed by human interior it make result of one very nervous disease what hon. doctor-book call *locomobile ataxia*. When you have got this sickness, Mr. Editor, you will know it by following course of symptoms,

- 1—When tour-carring on roadway you suddenly find out you are slow.
- 2—You mortgage on home to buy something of swift red color.
- 3—You are greedy to break it. You break record, speed-law & crank-shaft in short period. Then you break neck and quit it.
- 4—You go to hospital to forget wife & child.
- 5—You deceive doctor by honking yourself to death.

If you have done them symptoms, Mr. Editor, you had better worry, because you are a ill person.

TWO great sporty events is now approaching to Pacific Coast by inches. One of these is that there Roosevelt Rough Riding Navy which is really eventful. The other is that trip of horseracing automobiles travelling by snow-plow from New York to Paris. Them automobiles is quite international and has been froze to death in four languages already. They expects to enjoy Alaska & Siberia in the same way. Shuddering is unpleasant to such heroes. Sydney Katsu, Jr., Japanese dentist, desire to make bet-sum of money with

me for \$1. I am an entirely sporting Japanese, Mr. Editor. I am willing to risk enormous sum of money if I am sure I can be able to get it back with interest at some proper percentage. I am disagreeable about any bet what is a speculation; but I am delicious about gambling when it is a good investment. Therefore, what car will win? America car is now most patriotic about getting ahead—yet what would happen to my money if that automobile should enjoy train-wreck while going over Rocky Mountains in Pullman car?

I follow this race for one weektime by press-notice and get these excitable items to inclose for you:

Monday—American car drawn by Hon. Bill Perkins' tame mare "Florence" forges 101 yards through snow-drift.
Tuesday—Italian-speaking car, driven by 2-mule-power borrowed from Hon. Rube Brown make entry to Paris Neb.
Wednesday—Italian mules pass American 1-horse-power mare.
Thursday—American snow-plow "Governor Hughes" set pace for all comers.
Friday—Hay is distributed along race-course by gallant American troops so that motor-power can stop for lunch.
Saturday—French car "Motor-Block" discovered in Chicago speaking the language.

"How will them motoring-cars go it in Alaska where horses is scarce to find?" Sydney Katsu, Jr., enquire for tip.

"Dogs is very obliging as beast of burden in them Arctic," I relapse. "In Siberia reindeers of very high gear is pleasant for automobiling."

"Large supplies of Hon. Gasolene is necessary for such trip," say that light-mind Sydney.

"Large supply of Hon. Oats is more better for fuel," I relapse with American eye-wink.

Please enjoy this poetry which I make to look like it:

Dream

Which followed esteemed doughnuts I ate

O-MOTO-SAN, O-LOCO-SAN,
My soul is agreeable to-night!
Am I? It seems to be I am reclining
Among the Irish-flowers of dear Japan,
Such fragrant!
Birds is singing from memory,
Breezes is also there to some extent;
Japanese Boy is there by moonlight
To naturally take it pleasantly—
And yet he do not!!
O why, then? Because this:
Mountain Fujiyama is setting on his
breastbone expecting to remain for
conversation about topicks.
Japanese Boy is very polite to this Fuji

Because it is entirely holy.
So he speak gentle,
Gentle like cockroaches waltzing on
Brussels carpets,
"O Fuji," dictate this Boy,
"You are too elderly to mention, place
of thundering climate & sacred milder,
nice peak for sublime thought,
also for Hon. Tourist to pay guide
make walk-up—"

Excuse me, please, when I express it
How I feel you was more better been
Where you was than where you is.
Therefore I hint you get from off
From my collarbone, if convenient!"
But Fuji, important hill,
Make rumbling from fire in nose.
"Togo," he say,
"You know what about Japan?
It have got one new god to run every-
thing!"

"What called is this diety person?" I
collapse.

"He is called Hon. Gasolene," say Fuji.
(I make American eye-wink)

"Prior gods of Japan led Simply Life,
Water God turn wheel,
Air God blow sail,
Fire God bake potatoes—
Then what say-so Japan?
Too slow!!
Japan say, 'Look what's there!
Why do America wheel
Go buzz-around so fastly?
How she do-it make Waterbury watch
Including soap and other civilization?
How she do-it which make Marquis of
St. Louis

Speed-away all time
In red chug-chug jinrikisha?"
Then answer one great Japanese scientist,
"Gasolene, please!"

With such result, deject O-Fujiyama,
"Japan get hurry-off-do-quick
Bang-up, slam-down, bust-trust excite-
ment."

Temple bells is rung by steam,
Shrines of ancestors whistle like factory,
Gods of Japan is buying tickets for
Nirvana—

So long for all them happy history,
Fare-bye, times of dear gone off!
Japan is getting too smart
For old fashion Volcano."

With such say-so
Hon. Fujiyama kick Japanese Boy
Outside of his dream.

Wake to dawn-rise, Japanese Boy,
Eject yourself to duty of day!
Morn has came

And hymn of praise is telling about it
from 85c alarm clock and doing so
quite well, thank you!

ONCE more to speak of crime and
then not to mention Gasolene again.
I hear by editorial print how 12,000,000
mans has been arrested in automobiles
for past year. All forms of burglary,
including murder & assassination, has
been much less arrested than this. There-
fore it prove how sinful is automobiles.

American society is divided into two
sharp classes with police between
them. Them who has automo-
biles is called Predatory Rich,
them who has not is called Propa-
ganders. When Socialism is elected
each person will have 1 automo-
bile; but them machinery will be
out of style by then-time. Such
a discouraging thought to enjoy!

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—I inquire to know from
my Cousin Nogi, "Why is automo-
biles painted blue?"
"To distinguish them from
horses which is seldom found in
them fast colors," collapse that
idle Japanese.

Is this scientific fact? H. T.

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"SEDGWICK"

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS



"It was two seasons ago, when I was singing at Monte Carlo"

WHEN Sedgwick first came to me, my friends said that I was a fool to take on a servant with such unsatisfactory references, and I suppose now, in a way, that they were right, but I am not quite sure. For three years I had had a man with the somewhat dazzling name of Tremaine, and a more consistent house-burglar I have never known; but he was consistent. So far as I know, he confined his speculations to jewelry, which I never wore, such as stick-pins and similar junk picked up at weddings and Christmases; black and white ties, suitable for evening wear, and Scotch whisky, but always of inferior brand. I think Tremaine must have had a very common streak in him, for he never touched my really good wines or liquors, and for this I liked him. Every morning at eight o'clock he let himself into my apartment, laid out my clothes, and prepared my breakfast. At some time during the proceedings I would wake up and say: "How is it outside?" And if it was a bad, blustering, bitter cold day he would answer: "Fine, sir!" and lay out a thin suit, and if it was balmy and spring-like he would shake his head and say: "Pretty bad, sir!" and get out a heavy tweed and a fur overcoat. However, he was just as consistent about this as he was about his robberies; so I always went to the window, looked for myself, and had him make the necessary changes before he left the apartment.

This had been going on for about three years, when I was awakened one morning by the usual soft footfalls in my room, and I rubbed my eyes, cursed the fact that I was a working man, and said: "How is it outside?" A strange voice replied: "It's very bad, sir—three inches of snow." I looked up and found an entirely unknown man brushing my derby hat.

"Who the devil are you?" said I.

"I'm Sedgwick. Tremaine is sick, and he sent me in his place."

"Is Tremaine very sick?" I asked.

The man slowly shook his head and answered in a most lugubrious voice: "Very sick, very sick, sir."

In two days it seemed as if Sedgwick had been with me always, and at the end of that time he confessed that Tremaine, whom he had but recently met at a servants' club, had never been ill at all, and had simply left me for a better place.

The only reference, therefore, that my new servant had was that of a thief and a man who had deceived me after three years of pretty good treatment. Of his past he told me nothing, and yet there was so much

about him that I liked that I was loath to let him go. He was tall, thin, loose-jointed, lantern-jawed, by turns fierce and sad looking, and with that perfect knowledge of his business that only Englishmen of a certain class ever seem to acquire. He apparently took not the slightest interest in me or my affairs, but his honesty was beyond suspicion. However superior this particular kind of servant may hold himself to his master, I have never known one who did not have one weak spot—either a family affair or, more often, a former employer whose virtues he always took pleasure in talking about. But it was not so with Sedgwick. He never mentioned a former employer, a place where he had lived, or an incident which touched on his past life. My friends delighted in him as a servant and a man of mystery, but always pretended to be fearful of leaving me alone with him. They insisted that he would one day probably cut my throat. Personally, I had no such fears, as he seemed to me a rather gentle, middle-aged person, and I had no doubt that concealed somewhere under his grim visage was a sympathetic soul and a heart of gold. To me he was like some thoroughbred bulldogs I have known, with their legs bowed, their eyes glazed, and their big jaws undershot and vicious, but jaws in times of peace that a child could put its hand between without fear of hurt.

Among the men who occasionally dropped in during the late afternoon, or the men and women friends who frequently supped at my apartment after the theatre, Sedgwick, apparently, had no favorites, and, what was still more unusual, he regarded the many photographs of the many women friends I had about my rooms with absolutely equal favor—or, perhaps, it was disfavor. In all my experience with servants, he was the only one who did not have an undisguised admiration for a particular photograph and insist on displaying it to its greatest possible advantage. But none of my beautiful friends seemed to appeal to Sedgwick, and he left them exactly as he had found them in the days of Tremaine or as I had since rearranged them according to my changing regard for the originals.

All of this was true for the first six months of his régime, and then somewhere (I think in the dusty depths of a music-rack) he discovered a photograph which I had forgotten as completely as I had the original. I found it one morning modestly displayed on a corner of the mantel over the fireplace in my sitting-room, and for a month in silence I watched it advance in prominence, until it stood side by side with the one photograph that made me regret that I still lived in bachelor apartments instead of a real home. It was a picture faded by time and soiled by ill-usage, never having risen

to the dignity of a frame or the protecting care of a glass. When I had known the original, years before, she was a blonde young woman, of Austrian birth, who, with a number of other girls, was studying music at Florence. They all lived in a cheap pension on the old side of the Arno, and were rather amusing and all perfectly secure in the belief that one day they would figure prominently among the world's greatest opera singers. This particular young blonde person I had known perhaps a little better than the others, but not much. We had climbed the hill to St. Miniato and looked down on the glories of Florence; we had bicycled together through the shaded paths of the Cascine; side by side we had enjoyed the trolley ride to Fiesole, and lunched vis-à-vis at the Aurora. And one fine moonlight night we had stood together on the balcony of her pension and said *au revoir*, and when we went back to the little salon, which she shared with several other students, she had written some foolish words in French on a photograph of herself and given me the photograph. Since that day, to the best of my knowledge, I had never seen nor heard of the beautiful blonde Austrian girl, and I must confess that in the years that had elapsed my interest in her had faded as rapidly and as surely as had her picture.



OT until the photograph had reached the highest point of conspicuousness to which it could possibly attain did I pretend to notice its sudden rise among my galaxy of international beauties.

"Sedgwick," I said one morning, "may I ask why you take so much interest in Miss Rose Parness?"

When Sedgwick was thoroughly embarrassed he took on a sort of gray putty color—blushing seemed to be an unknown accomplishment to him. On this occasion he turned particularly gray and cast a guilty glance toward the photograph.

"Can not even a servant admire a great artist?" he asked. "You know, of course, who Miss Parness is now, sir?"

"Who—who is she?" I stammered. It was with some embarrassment I admitted my lack of knowledge, and the ignominy of my ignorance seemed to well-nigh overcome the valet.

"She is the great singer, Madame Marie Monteverde." "Indeed!" said I, and I raised my eyebrows just as high as I could in polite astonishment. My ignorance in regard to grand opera and its singers was really shocking, but even I had heard of the beautiful and bewitching Madame Monteverde, who, I understood, was the present musical pet of New York.

"She is a great artist, sir"—and his glassy eyes fairly shone—"I think the greatest artist in all the world—but they have not yet given her the opportunity to prove it in America. Ah, sir, if you could hear her Carmen or her Mimi—Santuzza she has already done here—perhaps—"

"I fear not—I so seldom go to the opera. I knew Miss Rose Parness as a student in Florence."

"You were fortunate, sir. Was there anything else?"

In answer I shook my head, and he left me.

"So that is it," I said to myself, and grinned with pleasure at the fun I would have in telling my friends that Sedgwick, after all, was but human and had an undying affection for no less a person than the new popular soubrette of grand opera.

The discovery that Madame Monteverde and Rose Parness were one and the same person did not, I fear, arouse in me the interest which Sedgwick would have liked. As a matter of fact, the world of opera and the men and women who sing in it are objects of which I know little and care less. The singers and the musicians, their men and women secretaries, their accompanists and the little crowd of music-mad admirers, form a small coterie apart and talk a jargon of which I am wholly ignorant. I had often seen them lunching at a certain French restaurant, and it was amusing enough to watch them pose and strut and chatter together in a dozen different languages; but I was quite satisfied to be but a humble onlooker. Their start, as well as their whole lives, is, after all, founded on an accident of birth. God gives Brother James a husky frame, and he plows the fields for a living; God gives Brother William an extra wide throat, and Brother William makes a fortune every time he makes a moderate use of it. There is nothing traditional or hereditary about an opera singer—professionally, their family tree is a branchless trunk and their crest a larynx rampant.

Not, however, to appear too indifferent in the eyes of my servant, I allowed the photograph to remain where he had put it, and would probably never have thought of it again had I not received news that my Cousin Muriel was about to pay her annual visit to the great city.

Of all the relatives and dear friends who drop in on me during the year, Cousin Muriel is the most welcome. All I have to do is to buy opera seats for her and the girl friend with whom she stays, and take them once or twice to the restaurant where the singers eat, so that they can see them at close range, and she is perfectly happy, and returns to her country home and tells her rustic friends that I am the ideal host and perfect cousin.

It so happened that while I was reading the letter announcing her early arrival I happened to glance up and my eye caught the sight of the photograph of Rose Parness. It gave me a wonderful inspiration, and I fairly chuckled aloud. I would give a supper party to the friend of my youthful days at Florence, and Cousin Muriel should meet and talk to a real opera singer. Among my friends there was no question that one Howard Danby was the logical choice to arrange the details. Danby was on the staff of an evening newspaper and one of my intimates for the half of every year. During these six months he reported baseball games and fires and an occasional criminal case; but when the

opera season came along he assumed the title of Assistant Musical Editor, let his hair grow over his collar, shook out the camphor balls from his dress-suit, and spent his afternoons at tea with the lady opera singers and his late nights sitting about German restaurants, drinking beer with musical conductors who looked like French barbers, or the male singers who looked like Spanish bull-fighters, and low comedians from the Comédie Française. According to Danby, the last man I had seen him drinking beer with was always "the greatest tenor" or "the best barytone" or "the last word on Wagner," or, at least, "the husband of the coming only soprano" or "the accompanist of Puccini's own ideal of Madame Butterfly." What I considered operatic geese were all swans to Danby, and for six beautiful months in each year he fairly reveled in the smoke-laden atmosphere of garlic, high C's, and "My interpretation of the rôle."

I explained the situation to him, and he was delighted with the commission. Of course, Madame Monteverde must be seen first and reminded of the old days at Florence, and, when her acceptance was gained, Danby assured me that the rest would be easy. A few days after I had first suggested the idea, and just as Cousin Muriel was about to arrive, I received a letter from Danby, of which this is a copy:

"It's all arranged for Thursday night of next week, at your rooms. Madame Monteverde remembered you perfectly, and your little affair in the student days, but I think I would call before Thursday, or leave a card, anyhow. Very touchy, these big artists. I have got acceptances from Merkel, who understudies the bass rôles; Cossi, a tenor, who will set them crazy if he ever gets the chance; and Count Morgenstern, an Austrian amateur pianist, *bon vivant*, friend of all the singers, and I think a little *épris*, just now, with your guest of honor. Besides Madame Monteverde and your cousin, we will have Madame Zurla, a great Senta—that is, if they do 'The Flying Dutchman' at all this season—Madame Czernak, a light contralto, but very *chic* and pretty, and last, but not least, De Lisle, a great favorite at the Opéra Comique in Paris. She is staying here in the hope of getting a chance at 'Thais' or some of the undressed rôles. I think, as a party, it is pretty hard to beat. Of course, there are a few big names not on the list, but the average I consider high, and your cousin should get a typical glimpse of the great artists at their ease. *Au revoir*.
"DANBY."

It seemed to me that there was a very serious lack of "big names" on the list, and that, with the exception of Madame Monteverde, my future guests had a good deal to accomplish before they could be ranked with the truly great. However, I was probably a prejudiced party, and the outlook loomed Bohemian enough to at least please Cousin Muriel.

THE great night arrived at last. It was bitterly cold outside, a blustering wind whistled around the corners and the streets lay deep in snow, all of which made my apartment, with the blazing wood fires and warm, heavy hangings, seem all the more cozy and attractive. I had made a point of not telling Sedgwick who my guests were to be, and was not a little curious to see how he would behave in the actual presence of his divinity.

Madame Monteverde, in a wonderful spreading pink hat and a sable coat, which with the collar turned up reached from her eyes to her feet, was the first to arrive. Sedgwick, I am quite sure, did not recognize her when she came in, as, after opening the door, he stood back of the singer, waiting to take her coat. The girl's cheeks were flushed scarlet with the cold, her eyes were shining brilliantly, and there was a smile on her lips as she turned toward him. When he saw her face, his hands, which were held out to take the coat, trembled and his arms dropped slowly to his sides. His sallow face turned grayer than I had ever seen it before, but what interested me the most was that the smile suddenly vanished from the face of Madame Monteverde. For a moment she looked him evenly in the eyes, and then the servant, bowing his head so low that it almost touched his breast, mechanically held out his hands and took the coat.

It was a curious incident, and I was glad that I had been its only witness. It seemed possible, too, that at last I was to learn something about the past of the melancholy Sedgwick.

I took Madame Monteverde into the library, presented her to Cousin Muriel, and returned to greet my other guests. They all arrived, looking very much the same—the men swathed in greatcoats and yards of silk muffled about their throats, and the women completely concealed in fur wraps. Danby assured me, between arrivals, that I should consider myself extremely lucky that they ever consented to come out on such a night. As a matter of fact, I had been wondering all along why they came at all—whether it was that they feared the criticisms of Danby's paper, or whether it was the prospect of a good supper. But once relieved of their outer garments, they seemed to be extremely glad to be where they were, and went about shaking hands—both hands at once—blowing kisses, clicking their heels, and bowing low to Cousin Muriel, and chattering their happy greetings like a lot of monkeys all at one time and in at least six different languages.

Madame Czernak—whose name I did not pronounce twice in the same way during the supper—looked rather *chic* in a very décolleté gown, and, as we had no formal singing, it did not matter how light her contralto voice really was; Madame Zurla appeared a ponderous person, who talked constantly of her happy summer home at Sienna and of a son who was serving his year in the army; De Lisle was a dashing brunette, powdered quite

white, who, when she was not chucking some one under the chin with a somewhat soiled lace fan, smoked a great many cigarettes between courses and after supper drank cup after cup of black coffee. In all ways she seemed worthy of the scandals that cluster about the little opera-house in Paris from which she came. Her conversation, if no more elevating than that of the other guests, was at least different, for while they talked only of what they sang, she never stopped telling me about her wardrobe, or rather the lack of it. The guest of honor—Madame Monteverde—I found much changed since the old days at Florence. Although still a girl in years, she was a woman now in the ways of the world; the unsought knowledge, the hard work, the grueling effort to overcome the obstacles in her way, had etched the telltale lines and shadows on the innocent, pretty face I once knew. Gracious as she was, there was a noticeable trace of the "professional artist" about her, and at times when she assumed an air of *diablerie* it was hard for me to believe that this was the girl I had known as a student in the little *pension* on the wrong side of the Arno. But yet, beneath it all, there was a certain sweet simplicity, a subtle appeal which must have carried across the footlights and which I could well understand had made her the idol that she was.

So far as the men were concerned, they all looked entirely different from each other, and yet, I am sure, possessed exactly the same insides. Merkel, the bass,

justly proud, and Sedgwick, once recovered from his first shock of meeting with his divinity, served the supper superbly. Of one fact I am quite certain; by the time the coffee was brought on I had as my guests the greatest of all great opera singers of all the world, and the only reason this fact was not known, universally, was because all impresarios had wooden heads. I am sure of this, because my guests told me the facts over and over again. I really think Madame Monteverde enjoyed talking over the old days at Florence, and Cousin Muriel's eyes fairly glistened as she leaned well over the table, fearing she would miss some pearl of thought, and at the same time inhaling great drafts of cigarette smoke and patchouli into her pure pink lungs, in the honest belief that it was artistic atmosphere. When Sedgwick had served the coffee and left the tray of cordials on the table, he retired to the adjoining room, to await the departure of my guests. The door had no sooner closed behind his back than Madame Monteverde asked what I knew about my servant and how he had happened to come to me. After the little incident I had witnessed in the hallway, I can not say that her somewhat pointed question surprised me.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I really know nothing. He is what you, in your profession, would call an 'understudy.' He came to me almost a year since to temporarily take the place of a man I used to have, and he has been with me ever since. The only thing I know about him is that his one interest in life seems to be you. What do you know?"

Madame Monteverde smiled, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and taking a cigarette from the table, rolled it between her thumb and forefinger. "I never really met him—strictly speaking—but once before," she said slowly, "and on that occasion I had him thrown into jail." The buzzing about the table suddenly ceased, and my guests sat forward on their chairs. For the moment Madame Monteverde had their undivided attention.

"Funny!" said Morgenstern, with a sort of proprietary air, "I never heard of that. Was he a robber?"

The singer shook her head. "Not at all. As a matter of fact, it was all my fault; he was quite innocent. It was two seasons ago, when I was singing at Monte Carlo. Every day I used to receive a letter from an unknown admirer; at first he was simply fulsomely flattering, and then he began threatening me because I refused to answer his letters, and finally he said he was going to shoot me. We called in the police, and the only man I could suggest as the possible writer of the letters was this servant of yours. Almost ever since I have been known at all he has followed me. When I first went to sing at Milan, he was there, and afterward I saw him at Paris, and later at London, when I sang at Covent Garden. Nearly every night I would find him at the stage door, but he was very quiet—never came near me—just stood in the crowd, if there was a crowd, and gazed at me with those big, glassy eyes of his. And on bad, rainy nights, when the streets were deserted, there he would be, pretending that it was not I he was waiting for. But goodness! there was no mistaking why he was there. Really, he used to look at me sometimes in a sort of hungry way, and then I never felt safe until they had closed the door of my carriage. And then sometimes I thought I would speak to him, because he seemed so miserable, and his clothes were often very poor and worn, and he looked starved and so in need of a kind word—or, perhaps, a little help."

Little Cossi leaned his elbows on the table, and breathing on his monocle, rubbed it with his silk handkerchief. "And yet you had him put in jail!" he piped in his high voice.

Madame Monteverde looked up and smiled at the pudgy little tenor. "Yes, indirectly I had him put in jail. I told the police how he had followed me from city to city, and they, of course, were quite sure that he was the man. The same day I got a note from my admirer, saying I must meet him that night back of the Casino, after the rooms had closed. It was arranged that I should start for the rendezvous, but that the police should, of course, always be near me. They shadowed this man of yours during the evening, and when they saw him leave the rooms after I did, and apparently follow me, they arrested him. Just as they were busy doing this, the real man—who was probably a perfectly harmless crank—jumped up from behind a hedge and ran down the hill through the gardens. One of the policemen followed, but lost him in the crowd at the railway station."

"And then!" Cousin Muriel gasped.

"Then—well, oh, then, the toy policemen had to put somebody in jail, so they locked up this poor soul for the night. There was nothing against him, and so, of course, they had to let him go the next morning. I felt terribly about it, but I only saw him once afterward."

"Did you speak to him?" I asked.

Madame Monteverde shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I was walking down the hill to Monaco a few days later, and met him coming up. You remember there is only one sidewalk, and that is rather narrow. I stopped, but the moment he saw I recognized him and was going to speak, he stepped into the street and stood with his hand to his cap at a sort of salute. So I simply bowed and walked on. That is the last time I saw him until to-night."

Madame Monteverde drew her scarlet lips into a straight line and threw the unlit cigarette she had been holding back on the table. "And, you know, the curious thing about it all is," she said, "that I believe he is absolutely sane."

The singer glanced at a little diamond watch she wore on her corsage, and rose from the table.

"I don't want to break up the party, but it's much later than I thought."



He began the story in a perfectly even voice

had a tremendous frame, a face not unlike that of a horse, and a wonderful shock of tawny hair; Cossi was short and very stout, with glossy black ringlets, and talked as high as he sang; Count Morgenstern, the Austrian, was straight and blond, with a little yellow mustache turned sharply up at the ends—apparently a common type of adventurer on the Continent, with much manner and no manners, a profound knowledge of the world and Who's Who; by profession an ex-army officer, and I had heard, beyond his winnings at the gambling clubs, absolutely without means of support. Three more different-looking men could not well be imagined, and yet, I know, if their minds and souls and hearts could be analyzed, it would be found that all three contained precisely the same elements and in exactly the same proportions. They all wore baggy dress-suits, with tape sewed on wherever it was possible, frilled shirt fronts, and a great deal of unnecessary jewelry—principally turquoises. Merkel seemed to enjoy his supper much more than the others, but yet found ample time to say the most frothy, insane things in a sepulchral voice to the fascinating De Lisle, while Cossi, who did not really seem to care to whom he talked, or what he said, chatted merrily in his piping voice to the ponderous and motherly Madame Zurla. Morgenstern divided his time between Cousin Muriel and the unpronounceable Czernak; but it could easily be seen that Danby was right, and such a mind and heart as the blond ex-officer had were the sole property of Madame Monteverde.

If unceasing chatter, hilarious laughter, snatches of light song startlingly well sung, cleared plates, rows of emptied bottles on the sideboard, constitute a successful supper party, then, I think, my supper party to Madame Monteverde for Cousin Muriel was a success. Of the culinary part of the entertainment I felt

The rest of the guests rose, too, and we went into the library, where Sedgwick had brought the coats and wraps.



WITH many effusive thanks and protestations of undying regard, the party made their adieus. I was much pleased that my little supper had been a success and the evening had passed so happily, and I was glad, too, to have heard something of my melancholy servant, Cousin Muriel and the other women, with the exception of Madame Monteverde, had put on their furs and gone out into the hallway. Sedgwick had retired to the far end of the room and was standing by the window; the rest of us were ranged about Madame Monteverde, watching Count Morgenstern put on her wrap. I think the fool must have been a little befuddled, for after he had once put the heavy fur mantle about her, he lowered one corner of it and deliberately kissed her on the bare shoulder. Even in the dimly-lit room it was easy to see the blood rush to the girl's face. I looked back of me and saw Sedgwick bending almost double and ready to spring. It was too late to do more than jump in between him and Morgenstern, and the next moment the servant came crashing into us. With a cry, Madame Monteverde ran into the hallway and slammed the door behind her. Sedgwick slowly rose to his feet and stood staring at Morgenstern, his long arms and big hands hanging before him, looking more like a huge gorilla than a man. At the moment I would not have given a farthing for the life of Morgenstern. Twice Sedgwick tried to speak, but the words died in his throat, and then suddenly he seemed to find his voice, and he cried out: "You cur! You blackguard! You've insulted my child—my own child, do you hear, and you've got to answer to me—to me!"

Morgenstern slowly stepped back toward the wall, and Merkel and Cossi closed in in front of him. I grabbed Danby by the arm and pushed him toward the door.

"Start those women home!" I said. "You'd better look out for Monteverde, and, for the love of Heaven, don't tell her what this man said!"

Sedgwick backed a few feet away from the little group of foreigners, but not for one moment did he take his eyes from the white face of Morgenstern. I knew that this time he would reach his man, and I stood aside and watched him. With his left arm he knocked over Merkel and Cossi as if they had been a couple of wooden tennpins, and almost at the same moment whipped his big right hand across Morgenstern's face, and raised a welt that looked as if the man's forehead had been cut with a wire thong. For a moment the lithe, straight figure of the Austrian wavered, and then crumpled up and fell back into a cabinet filled with glass. Cossi and Merkel stooped over to see just how badly their friend was hurt, and Morgenstern lay there among the broken glassware, moaning and whining like a starved cat.

I looked at Sedgwick and nodded toward the far end of the room. He shrugged his heavy shoulders, and, with a last look at Morgenstern, moved away.

With the help of the two singers, I dragged the Austrian into my bedroom, bound up his wound as best I could, and packed him off in a cab to his hotel, where I telephoned to have a doctor waiting for him.

I returned to the apartment and found Sedgwick in the library, where I had left him. He had pulled back the curtains and stood looking out on the snow-covered streets. I shut the door with a snap, and he slowly turned his big ungainly frame toward me.

"You look pretty white," I said. "You'd better take a drink of something."

"I am discharged?" he asked.

"Yes, you are discharged."

The man bowed, walked over to a sideboard, and gulped down a big drink of neat brandy. I sat down at my desk and lit a cigar.

"Do you know how much I owe you?" I asked.

He put up his hand, as if by way of protest, and slowly shook his head. The fire had gone as quickly as it had come, and left only the gray face and the meaningless eyes.

"I don't suppose there is anything you want to say?" I asked, and turned toward the desk.

"Yes, there is something I should like to say, now I am no longer in your service."

I turned back again to the putty-colored face. "Won't you sit down?"

My ex-valet shook his head. "No, I'd rather stand—it won't take long. I'm going to tell you this, because you were the only gentleman who was willing to take a chance with me. You don't know the kind of jobs a man is reduced to when he has no references, and is up against it and can't stay put in one place! You took me up and pretty near made a man of me. This is the first home I have seen in a long time."

"That is hardly a reason," I suggested, "for beating my guests into pulp."

He paid no heed to my remark, but walked over to where I sat and rested one of his big hands on the desk and looked down at me. He began the story in a perfectly even voice, without any apparent animus or feeling of any kind toward any one:



WENT to Vienna when I was a very young man. My father was a clergyman in Lincolnshire, with six children, and I was put to work in the bank in the little town where we lived, and I couldn't stand the sight of so much money. I was very young, and weak, too, and when I took the money I got away to Vienna. It really was not very much money, and I heard afterward my father fixed it up somehow; and for that, and I suppose to avoid scandal at the bank, they let me stay where I was. I had a good education and spoke several languages, and, with the money I had, I got along pretty well and made some good

friends. One of these kept a big store and was quite rich. I fell in love with his daughter and she cared for me, but the father—old Parness—did not like me as a son-in-law. So we ran away and got married, and her family shut their door against her—"

For a few moments Sedgwick hesitated and opened and closed the hand that lay on the desk, and, while his eyes seemed to be looking into mine, I knew that they were looking through me to a time many years past.

"For one year," he began again, "we were very happy—both of us very happy. It was hard on her because we were poor and she had always had everything. I got a job as a clerk in a hotel, where I could interpret for the tourists. And then our girl—our little girl Rosa—was born, and what should have been our greatest happiness was the end of it all. Her family offered to take my wife back if she would leave me, and she was very ill and I had so little to offer her and to Rosa—not even a decent name—for the story of the bank had already come back to us several times. I believe—I am sure now—that my wife would have in time returned to me, but—she did not live so very long after that. And then her family came with an offer to adopt Rosa and educate her and to do everything that money could do to make her happy and protect her, and, in face of all this, I could offer her but a home in the hotel where I was an under-clerk—"

The man hesitated and looked down at me, as if asking permission to go on, so I nodded and he went on:

"And although I could not see her or speak to her, I always knew something of what she was doing. I heard of her going to Florence, and then, after her success at Milan, everything was quite different, because she belonged to the world and I could go to see her like every one else. That has been my life, sir, to follow when I could and sit up in the gallery the nights she sang, and listen to her and to see her and to hear the crowds applaud and sometimes cheer her, and bring her out before the curtain again and again. I tell you, they love her—it's not only the wonderful voice, but it's the girl they love. And very often I used to wait at the stage-door and in front of her hotel and see her come out, dressed up as she was to-night at supper, and watch her get into her carriage." And then, for the first time, I saw Sedgwick's features relax into what on any other face would have been a smile.

"And do you know, sir," he said, "that one night at Monte Carlo they had me arrested and put me in jail for following her! They thought I meant harm to Rosa—to my own child!"

"And Morgenstern?" I asked.

The smile faded from his face and he rubbed his coat-sleeve slowly across his forehead.

"I don't know," he said, "I don't know—these women have so little sense. He has been following her for two years now; he is a blackguard, trying to marry her for her money—an adventurer—you could tell that. I know that he was thrown out of a club in Paris for turning the king too often at *écarté*. I tell you—"

The man suddenly stopped talking, and a curious, confused look came into his eyes.

"My God!" he whispered, "I never thought of that."

"Do you think they would tell her?"

"Tell her?" I repeated.

"Yes, tell her what I said when I lost my head there—tell her that I said she was my own child! Do you know what that means—do you know that I can never go near her or let her see me again!" He grasped my arm in his big hand, and stared into my eyes. "Tell me," he whispered, "will they tell her?"

"From the way I heard them talk to-night," I said, "I believe that crowd would tell anything."



SEDGWICK let go the grip on my arm and walked slowly back to the window. For a few moments he stood with his big back silhouetted against the long frosted panes of glass, and then he turned again and faced the room.

"But after all," he said, "I can still see her on the stage. I can see her and hear her, and when they cheer her, and she comes out and bows and smiles at them, and they shout and throw their bouquets to her, I can say to myself that that is my child—after all I have done something. For that is something, sir, don't you think, to give a great singer to the world?"

"Yes," I said, "much more than most of us do. But, after all, what if they should tell her? Why not let me tell her?"

The man looked at me as if he could not quite understand the meaning of my words. "Tell her," he repeated, "tell Madame Marie Monteverde that her father is a broken-down servant! Ask her to recognize me as I am after more than twenty years!" He spread out the palms of his hands toward me and looked down at his own gaunt, ungainly frame. "Not that," he said, and it seemed as if he was talking only to himself. "I must be getting away now. I'm sorry to go, but she does not leave for Paris before the spring, and by then—"

The electric bell at my front door rang out through the silent rooms, and so shrill and unexpected was it at that hour that I unconsciously started to my feet. I looked at Sedgwick and found him with his arms hanging at his side, the palms still held outward, and his eyes staring straight ahead of him. I went out into the hallway and opened the front door. In the dimly lit corridor I saw my friend Danby, and back of him the figure of Madame Monteverde, wrapped in her fur coat and her face shaded by the big pink hat.

For a moment no one spoke, and then the girl came toward me.

"Is—he—is my father still here?" she asked.

I nodded toward the library, and she passed me and went in, and I watched her close the door softly behind her.

Then Danby and I sat down on the bench in the hallway and waited.

Target Practise at Fort McKinley in the Philippines



Left to right, the men watching are: Captain Gerhardt, Eighth Infantry; General Pershing, commanding Fort McKinley; W. Cameron Forbes, Philippine Commissioner; Major Reber of the Signal Corps; Emilio Aguinaldo



Firing, standing, at the 200-yards range



Firing, sitting, at the 500-yards range



Firing, lying down, at the 1,000-yards range

The New Orleans Carnival

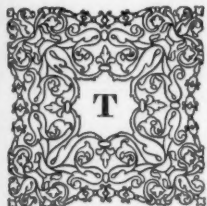


The annual "Rex Parade" of the Mardi Gras carnival at New Orleans, which marks the culmination of the ante-Lenten festival, was held on March 3. The weather was perfect, and the floats, representing the "classics of childhood," were excellent. John J. Gannon, President of the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company, was "King," and Miss Elizabeth Maginnis was "Queen."

Katherine Crowley, Servant

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

This is the last of the series of "Interviews with the Undistinguished"; the others were with Nelson Hatfield, a Minnesota farmer, published February 1, and with "Benito Perino, Migrator," published March 7



THOSE who know, particularly those who are forced to be in Washington during the session, and who occasionally tire of the thick fog and drizzle on Pennsylvania Avenue, or are weary for a time of the carriages that stand in lines outside brilliantly lighted houses, carriages whose night lamps are suggestive of the conventional vivacity of a social season, appreciate very fully the hospitality of Mrs. Nomen-Nemo. She prefers to see the snowfalls from her country place in the Chevy Chase district, and is particularly remembered by young and un-moneyed couples whose week-ends she has rejoiced with her open door.

Said I to her: "I am impelled to interview for publication some domestic. It might as well be one of yours." From the breakfast room, where, as one could see by glancing from the hallway through the draperies, the cheerful sunlight spread its fingered hand upon the floor, there came the gentle sound of rattling dishes. It was an experienced and businesslike maid behind the curtains. I had noted her when my coffee was cooling before my plate—a half-way individual, no doubt, in looks, intellect, and experience.

"Katie?" she answered me in surprise. "Interview Katie! Bless your heart, interview her if you can, and if you find a spark of intelligence in her pray let me know of it."

Now Carlyle has said that "No man is a hero to his valet." As well say, "No maid is a heroine to her mistress." I did not doubt that Mrs. Nomen-Nemo, who is without question a woman above the average of her kind in good-heartedness and perception, had failed to see any personality in Katie Crowley, to say nothing of a thinking personality; but I said nothing, because I was chiefly concerned with a fear that my questions would awaken suspicion, fear, or embarrassment in the mind of the undistinguished domestic, and that while monosyllabic answers might be hoped for, any unloosening of her sincerity of thought was almost beyond the most frenzied expectations. Far more likely it was that she should convey to me in a more conclusive, even if clumsier, manner the meaning of the bull-necked life insurance president who perhaps affirms with a shake of his distinguished head: "I have nothing to say at this time."

However, I knew enough not to interview Miss Crowley except in her own sphere—that world unknown to men—lest it be half-discovered on midnight invasions which take their course through a dim-lit kitchen wherein ticks an accusing clock—invasions lighted only by the red glow which shows through the tilted covers of a cooling stove, invasions whose conquests, triumphs, and victories all consist in a despoilation of the larder and the searching of an ice-chest with lighted matches. But certain it was, no matter how unfamiliar I might be with her domain, that Katie would feel more comfortable the other side of the usual domestic's deadline—the far side of the swinging door that leads from the dining-room into the pantry. Therefore, a little later I urged the youngest daughter of the household, a quiet child of six, to explore with me the homely mysteries of the back porch. There we found Katie. A knife was in her sizable hand, a shiny pan was in her spacious lap, a crooning song was on her lips. It was a warm day, between seasons—a day of sunlight.

"There ain't any Ladder in Workin' out in Service"

I ADDRESSED her from the gravel of the driveway: "How long have they had the Italian garden?" I asked, pointing to the stone seat and the evergreens. "Is that an Eyetalian garden?" she returned, with some surprise. "A Swede takes care of it. I don't know; 'twas before I came."

"Before you came? I thought you had been here five years."

"No, sir, not me—the cook. I'm doing this work for her now. She's been here longest."

"Five years," I mused. "That's a long time to stay in one place. Have you often worked that long in one situation?"

She smiled at me. The very fact that I questioned her with what seemed to be idle, sympathetic, or human curiosity had pleased her. "I've been in twelve places—working in private houses and twice in hotels. Five years in each place? I'm not that old!" Her stout red fingers fell to peeling an apple in violent haste, as if she felt that she had forgotten her decorum in the presence of a superior.

It was time for another question to relieve the situation. One generally asks the persons interviewed about their own profession, about their ambitions to rise high therein, and how that which has already been accomplished has been done. Therefore I said to her: "With all that experience you must be very skilled—you must get more for your work than most women in service. You must be near the top of the ladder."



Benjamin Frank - 07

"The worst of bein' a servant is bein' a servant"

The knife fell into the pan, among the peelings. "Top o' the ladder, is it?" said she. "There ain't any ladder in workin' out in service. Maybe a girl who is just after comin' to this country, and has to take her wages in the dishes she breaks, don't get so much, but when you're once used to the work and get to livin' wid folks who have to have good help, there ain't anything more for ye—unless you can teach French to the children, and then you're a governess. 'Tis the same thing day after day—the work, that's the top of the ladder." She spoke quite gaily about this tragedy of a calling without a call, a profession without ambition.

"The shop-girl has more to look forward to, hasn't she?" I suggested. "She hopes to be a buyer some day. And the girl in the factory has a chance to become a forewoman."

Miss Crowley nodded. "True for you," she said. "And lucky for them. I'm glad of it. There's more girls go into the stores and factories. Servants is harder to get, you can tell by the wages—they're higher now than they was. Me cousin, who's a dressmaker, and that sick she can do no work two days out of the week, seen about it in the paper." She paused a moment and then said: "I have nothin' agin her. Her name is Annie Bolt, and she's stuck up. She thinks she's better than me because she ain't workin' out." Katie raised her head with a little affectation of pride, but she scrutinized my face as if she had an unpleasant suspicion that all the world shared her cousin's prejudice.

"Why," I said, "there must be many advantages in working out—aren't there?" She was busy stroking the reclining cat which had gone lazily up the steps to stretch out in the warmth, and now, lacking all appreciation of the caress, was switching its tail with mild anger. "There are," she returned noncommittantly.

"Are what?" I urged. "I only want to know on my own account—just curiosity." This reassured her.

"Are advantages," she said. "If they weren't, wouldn't I be measuring off ribbon at a counter?" The idea struck her as very funny, and she laughed with her hands pressing at either side of her thick waist, as if she were squeezing out the chuckles. "Of course there are. I get better things to eat than if I was a shop girl and had to rent a room. Things are clean, too. You ought to see my Julia—my young sister—such clothes

as she has! But that's the way she spends her money. She works in a place where they make children's hats—in Philadelphia—and lives in a hall bedroom—so dark you wouldn't know you was in a room or a box, and the dirty stair carpet and the meals she eats! 'Tis a shame! All the fried truck in a restaurant—wid all kinds of people sittin' at the tables, and you don't know whether they're respectable or not, and there's nobody to look after her but herself or me, and here I am a long way off.

A Good Way to Stay Respectable—Work Out

WHEN you get wid nice people it's different. I'm that particular where I go. You get taken care of if you're sick—regular sick—they have the doctor, and sometimes 'tis because they're sorry for ye, and sometimes because they know 'twill be hard to fill your place. I remember well how Mr. Cogswell—'twas them I worked wid last—says: 'Fer the love of hivin, if Mary is sick abed get the doctor in a hurry, or the next thing we know we'll be lookin' fer another cook,' he says. 'Employment bureaus!' he says, and swore—fer he was a swearin' man, even at his own table." She waved her hand at me and lowered her eyelids, as if to say that it took all kinds of persons to make up a world.

"And besides," she went on, with a sudden attention to her work with the vegetables, "'tis a safety fer a girl—though I, who be gettin' to be troubled wid the first gray hairs, do say it—'tis a safety not to be runnin' wild and gaddin' about wid fancy notions. I had an aunt who used to say—though she was a housekeeper and different: 'If you can't live wid your own family you best live wid somebody else's.'

"I don't know, I think she was right. The girls who live out are oftener respectable, I think. There's the door to be answered. It keeps you in evenin's. There's not much time away from the house. Perhaps it's a good thing, though many the time I thought I was served badly because of it."

"There's more chance to save money, perhaps?" I asked.

"To be sure. I was about to say them very words, but very little money at that. Still, 'tis Julia who gets twice by the week of my wages and always writin' to me for money—she that goes to the theatres—that foolish. And I wid a bank account, though I must say I went wid her once, and I thought I'd never get my breath again for laughin' at a comical feller who was dressed up like a foreigner and sat down on fly paper—the most comical thing I ever seen in a theatre, though I've seen some awful sad plays." She held the knife-point upward and studied it carefully. "You save money," she went on, "because you don't pay fer what you eat or where you sleep, and you don't buy so many clothes because you don't get so many chances to wear 'em, and when you do get a chance to wear 'em you haven't got the clothes you'd like to have, and sometimes if it comes on a sweeping day you're tired and don't want to go anyway."

The little girl, who had stood patiently by my side for a time, interested rather in the sound of voices than in the meanings of words, now gave a little cry, half of excitement and half of genuine relief. She had seen a yellow butterfly, and was off after it with the same keen joy and futile hopes with which a puppy chases sparrows in the streets.

"Look at the child!" exclaimed the simple Katie to herself, and then turned toward me again.

"To be sure," she said, "there's more money to be saved livin' out in service, I know well enough, and I've given my share to the church, and the agents have taken quite a bit. Sometimes I think them agents that come to the back door have the easiest time wid servants. Such talks as they give ye; 'twould make ye think ye'd not live without this bottle of hair tonic, or whatever it is. And when he's gone you look at what you've bought, and 'twill take ye a week to forget the fool ye've been; the law ought to be agin it—charmin' the money away from poor girls!" She laughed. "And even at that ye can save a bit of money."

"More than if you work—say in a hotel?"

"Haven't I done that myself? The last time I was in charge of the coat-rack at the dining-room wid fair wages and tips. The first week I was there the head waiter was givin' up his job fer old age, and I had to help out wid near half I made to buy him a gold watch that had chimes like a hall clock, and I'd never seen him before Monday morning when I went to work. If a girl's working like that there's plenty to spend money for—carfare and a room and what she sees in the windows of stores. There's no hope for ye unless you dress up and get married."

Miss Crowley sighed and drew a sleeve across her forehead. She had her own affair, it seemed. Perhaps he had found a prettier girl than she. Her features could never have been delicate; they were molded into an expression of austerity, a perpetual forbidding down-drawing of the mouth corners that ever seemed to be framing a cross word, an insolent reply, a sour complaint.

"I had not thought of that," I said. "I had not thought that living out in service lessened the chances of marriage." I recalled that the honest love affairs of servants were often little tragedies to their mistresses. But from delicacy of feeling I did not mention this to Miss Crowley.

"Well," she said, "'tis not all girls that want to be married."

"But most of them do at some time or other," I returned, stating the old, vain, fixed, and firm belief.

"And most of 'em get the chance," she said, using the conventional answer. She stood up, placed the pan of peelings on the floor, and brushed her apron over it.

"But," I said, "it is sometimes not a chance to get the man who is too stupid to see that the woman isn't the only one with a smile and pink cheeks."

She laughed. "You mean me?" she asked, looking

me squarely in the eyes. "But it isn't so." Her tone was very gay; she patted the side of the tin pan. "No, he was the lad I told ye about—the red-faced lad wid the cowlick in his hair—a good heart he had—I think a bird would eat from his hand—an' that clumsy he'd fall over a chair wid a red flag on it—an' drove the express team."

The laughter went out of her voice. "No, 'twas not that, but I was too old for the likes of him, and so," she said, "I sent him along about his business."

The flies, warmed into hunger by the mid-season day, were noisy about the kitchen door. Katie dropped the knife into the pan at her feet. "There—it's all done," she said; "I'll set the table for dinner."

"Oh, but you didn't tell me about Annie Bolt—your cousin, the dressmaker," I hastened to remind her. "You said she didn't think much of living out in service. Does she give a reason?"

"She does," answered Miss Crowley, "and it is a good one. She says: 'You can't be independent,' she says; 'even the children bosses ye. There's no time of your own but when you sleep,' she says, and she says: 'You don't see anythin', you're that cooped up in the house.' Often is the time she and I gets into an argi-

ment, and she says to me: 'What do you know about it? For seventeen years ye've only had Thursday afternoons to find out,' she says. Oh, she is the one with the quick tongue!" Katie laughed.

"What would you have?" I asked quickly. "Should the person that employs a servant treat her as a companion—as one of the family?"

"I've thought of that meself," she answered. "'Tis not the best way. How would they know I'd like to be one of the family? But I've lived places where 'twas nearly like that. The woman of the house meant well enough, and it was all as neat as two pins, till there was a question of my having a headache and speakin' of it, or wantin' an afternoon off, or remindin' her that she'd promised me more wages in the winter months. Then 'twas: 'How ungrateful ye are for me kindness,' and, 'Katie, I feel sorry I gave ye the ten yards of Sicilian cloth wid a spot on it,' and, 'I'll be careful how I treat the maid that takes yer place.'"

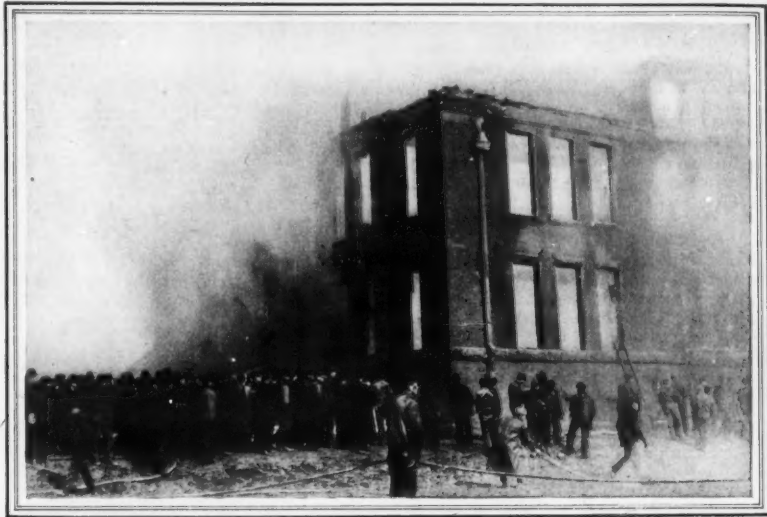
"No," she went on, "they pay for a servant and 'tis best they have one. Better have ye orders and ye duties, says I, an' if ye want somebody to talk to, or if ye want to be idlin' away your time, better not hope to do it wid the people ye work for; 'tis bad for ye and

bad for them. Let them think they are better than ye are—'tis a part of your day's work."

"But the very fact that you live with people makes the employment a partly personal matter," I suggested.

Katie sniffed. "That's the trouble wid livin' out," she said, "an' if ye'd know the truth, that's why them that don't live out don't want to and looks down on the likes o' me. They know I be bowin' and sayin', 'Yes'm,' when I more truthfully be walkin' away and sayin', 'Go on wid ye, and runnin' here and runnin' there when it's the fancy of a slip of a girl fifteen years old to be pressin' the bell and all o' that. They know I get wages fer not bein' so good as somebody else.'"

The little girl was scampering toward us from the stable. Katie watched the child as she suddenly stopped in her flight and fell on her knees to examine something in the grass. "I'm fond of children," said she, with a little break in her voice. Her hand felt behind her for the knob on the screen door: her mask broke into a generous, wholesome smile. From her for a moment there seemed to radiate the warmth of a big, wholesome heart, the happy diffusion of a spirit of wonderful purity. "Oh," she laughed, "it can be short said—the worst of being a servant is that ye are a servant."



Ruins of the school at Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland, destroyed by fire on March 4. The cross shows the door which, opening in, trapped the children



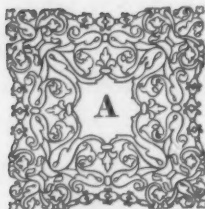
The Collinwood Disaster. Taking out the bodies of the children, and, at the right, parents waiting for news—nearly 200 children were killed

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

A National Crime



DISASTER never surpassed in its heartrending details cost the lives of nearly two hundred children in Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland, on March 4. A fire broke out in the basement of the Lake View Public School from some cause not yet definitely ascertained. The children marched in order at the sound of the alarm as they had been accustomed to do in their drills. Those on the ground floor made their way out in safety, but by the time those from the next floor had reached the stairs the front hall was choked with smoke. There were double doors

here, and only one of the outer pair was open. Before the other, which was held by a spring, could be forced free, a jam had formed in the vestibule and many children were held in a pitiless vise until the fire seized them. There was only one other exit, and there the horror was even worse. A winding flight of steps led down into a narrow hall, whose outlet was a door that was said to swing inward, although this was afterward denied. In the rush some of the children stumbled and fell; others piled upon them, and the hall was so packed with writhing bodies that all the strength of the frantic rescuers outside was unable to pull a single child from the mass. Crazy mothers and fathers had to stand and see the flames lick their children's faces, which they could touch with their hands. In this awful trap at least half of the three hundred and thirty-five pupils in the school perished.

By a curious chance most of those on the top floor escaped. Their teacher, leading them downstairs, saw the smoke pouring up from below and took them to the fire escapes through the rooms which those on the second floor had abandoned. Only a few who broke away from the line and ran downstairs were lost. The total number of the dead and missing was a hundred and seventy-four.

What makes this catastrophe more pitiful and more unpardonable than even the *Stocum* and *Iroquois Theatre* disasters, notwithstanding its smaller death-roll, is the fact that it represented a base betrayal of childhood by its natural protectors. The children in the Collinwood school had been taught that if they followed the rules of their fire drill they would be safe in any emergency. They had learned to empty the school in a minute and a half, within which time no fire could possibly reach dangerous dimensions in any building of civilized or even half-civilized construction. They did their part, and they were marched to death because the men whom their parents permitted to hold office had saved a little money by building narrow stairways of Georgia pine, blocking up exits with wooden partitions, and putting steampipes within two inches of wooden joists, which were kiln-dried by the heat.

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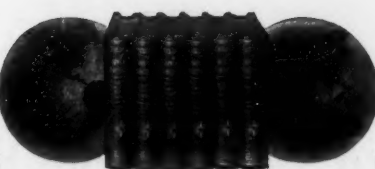
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arguments advanced in support of existing conditions have been discredited, and the expected acquittal is stamped in advance as a whitewashing verdict. Lieutenant-Commander Sims, the chief representative of the critics, was bullied by the committee and prevented from telling his story except in unrelated fragments. He wished to give his views upon the whole subject of naval management, including the workings of the bureau system and all the varied obstacles to progress, but he was compelled to confine himself to the question of faults in ship construction, leaving other matters to be taken up at some future time. Very conflicting testimony as to the character of our ships has been elicited from clouds of witnesses.

In the House the submarine scandal sprung by Representative Lilley is to be thoroughly aired. A special investigating committee, consisting of Messrs. Boutell of Illinois, Stevens of Minnesota, and Olmstead of Pennsylvania, Republicans, and Howard of Georgia and Broussard of Louisiana, Democrats, has been appointed with full power to sift the matter to the bottom. As the resolution, unanimously adopted, providing for the investigation, states that Mr. Lilley made his charges "on his responsibility as a member of this House," the logical result of the inquiry would seem to be somebody's expulsion.

Back to Prosperity

A hill climb after a toboggan slide

A "PROSPERITY CONVENTION," called by the Travelers' and Merchants' Association, was in session at Baltimore for four days, beginning March 2. Its object was to help to dispel that state of mind which is the chief obstacle to the return of good times. It resolved that the recent financial troubles were "produced solely and exclusively because of a totally unreasonable, an absolutely groundless, and a thoroughly illogical destruction of public and private confidence, superinduced through an intangible and inexplicable feeling of fear and distrust, all of which is instantly dispelled upon calm and dispassionate inquiry." It added the enthusiastic expression of its "absolute and unbounded confidence in the financial, commercial, industrial, and agricultural stability of this great nation," and called upon the people of every State "to abandon their chimerical ideas of fear, distrust, and unrest, which have no sound foundation either in theory or in fact, so that true confidence, the touchstone of prosperity, may exist in all lines of business, and those immense fruits, now ripe for gathering upon every hand, may not be wasted, but may be plucked to the immediate advantage and enrichment of all the people of these United States."

Of course prosperity does not come by resolutions alone, but there are increasing indications that it is really on the way. Twenty-three thousand freight-cars idle on February 5 were busy two weeks later, and as many more were employed within another ten days. The production of pig iron was greater by over thirty-four thousand tons in February than in January, although the month was shorter. Work on the great new fifteen million dollar plant of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, which was stopped after the panic, has been resumed. Rail mills are reopening, and the makers booked orders for a hundred and fifty thousand tons of new rails in the first week of March. The Amalgamated Copper Company has started up its closed mines in Butte, copper production in the Lake Superior region is increasing, the lead mines of Wisconsin have been reopening, and the bank clearings in Omaha for the first week in March were the largest on record. But perhaps the most encouraging thing of all has been the resumption of business by the great Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, whose closing marked the actual beginning of the panic. A most searching examination of the company's affairs showed that it was in excellent condition, but it needed time to realize on its assets. A campaign of wonderful energy by a depositors' committee secured the assent of the holders of nine-tenths of the deposits to a plan by which they were to be paid in instalments, receiving interest-bearing negotiable certificates for the deferred payments, and permission was granted for the company to reopen its doors on March 26.

The Two Candidates

Taft and Bryan take the field at the same time

IF MR. TAFT and Mr. Bryan are to be the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency the platforms of the two parties were foreshadowed in Iowa and Nebraska on the fourth and fifth of March. In the Ohio Republican Convention, which named its ticket and adopted its platform on March 4, every delegate was for Taft. Senators Dick and Foraker, without whom no Republican convention in Ohio hitherto has been complete, were conspicuously absent. The delegates at large to Chicago were instructed to "vote for Taft until he is nominated." The platform, presented by Representative Burton, who is one of the dominant figures of the new régime, endorsed the "splendid administration" of Theodore Roosevelt, identified the President's policies with those of the Republican party, and declared that there should be "neither halt nor retreat" in the march toward better government. It specifically approved the enactment of the Railroad Rate law, "the strengthening of the supervisory powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the prosecution of illegal interests and monopolies and of evil-doers, both in the public service and in the commercial world, together with the enforcement of all wholesome measures which have made safer the guarantee of life, liberty, and property."

The convention demanded a revision of the tariff by a special session of the next Congress, and a sound financial system, described in pleasing generalities. It devoted a paragraph to the praise of the American negro, who has thirty thousand votes in Ohio, and called for a reduction in the representation of those States that had disfranchised citizens, in accordance with the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Most of its other principles were given in a rapid-fire paragraph:

"A brave and impartial enforcement of the law; commercial and industrial liberty; individualism as against socialism; competition as against monopoly; Government regulation as against Government ownership; the promotion of the best interests of labor and capital, and the unflinching protection of both; compensation for injured employees of the Government; the reenactment in constitutional form of the employers' liability act; a limitation in the exercise of the power of injunction in order to prevent its abuse; a greater merchant marine and an adequate navy; generous provision for the old soldiers, the vanishing forces of the Republic; liberal appropriations for the improvement of waterways and harbors, including the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, in accordance with a general plan which shall be comprehensive and just to all portions of the country; the organization of all existing national public health agencies into a single national health department."

With even greater enthusiasm the Democrats of Nebraska the next day put Mr. Bryan in nomination for the third time. Not satisfied with a mere convention, they made a "Bryan Day" throughout the State, and the convention hall at Omaha was the vortex of a whirlpool of volunteer shouters from every county.

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The platform rejoiced in the signs of an awakening of the public conscience. Mr. Bryan is fond of "paramount issues." He found one in free silver in 1896 and in imperialism in 1900. This time the "overshadowing issue" is the rescue of the Government "from the grip of those who have made it a business asset of the favor-seeking corporations," its restoration to its old rank as "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," and its administration according to the Jeffersonian maxim: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

The Bryan platform industriously searches out points of difference from the Roosevelt-Taft policies in order to dispel the impression that there is really no further reason for the existence of the Democratic Party. Hence it protests against centralization, and the extension of the powers of the General Government by judicial construction. It has easy sport with Republican tariff reform, whose advocates vitiate their promises "by the use of the very qualifying words under which the present tariff iniquities have grown up." The Nebraska Democrats gambol blithely in their freedom from the shackles of the Taft platitudes about "the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad," and "adequate protection" to "American manufactures, farmers, producers, and wage-earners," "without excessive duties." They frankly demand the reduction of duties to a revenue basis, with articles controlled by trusts put on the free list—that is to say, almost everything except farm products, and a good share of those. They agree with President Roosevelt in his desire to reduce "swollen fortunes" by income and inheritance taxes, but they suggest that it would be still better to prevent the creation of such fortunes "by abolishing the privileges of favoritism upon which they are based."

The Bryan platform agrees, too, with the Roosevelt policy of Federal licenses for interstate corporations, but adds the detail of confining such licenses to corporations controlling between twenty-five and fifty per cent of the products in which they deal. Companies controlling less than twenty-five per cent may go unlicensed, and the control of more than fifty per cent is to be forbidden. Mr. Taft's "development step by step of popular government in the Philippines" is transformed into a demand for "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established." We are to protect this independence as we do that of Cuba until we can secure treaties of neutralization from the Powers, and we are to reserve coaling stations and naval bases.

The Nebraska platform-makers naively propose that railroads should be valued on the basis of the cost of reproduction, and that then their rates should be "reduced" to a point at which they would yield just sufficient returns to keep the stock, honestly capitalized, at par. It does not seem to have occurred to them that this would often mean an increase instead of a reduction of rates, since many roads, occupying the only available rights of way and terminal facilities in great cities, could not be reproduced at all.

The Populist Convention of Nebraska, which met at Omaha simultaneously with the Democrats, supported Mr. Bryan and instructed its delegates to the Populist National Convention to work for his endorsement there. But the smooth course of his progress toward the Democratic nomination met with a little check on March 6, when the Democratic State Committee of Minnesota, presided over by Governor Johnson's private secretary, adopted a resolution putting the Governor into the field. This action, taken against the protest of the Bryan minority, precipitated a bitter fight among Minnesota Democrats for the control of the delegation.

Incidentally Mr. Hearst has stirred a little curdy into the insipid broth of conventional politics by announcing that his new Independence Party will not support Bryan, Johnson, or Roosevelt, but will nominate its own candidate and "vote for him with a strength and a heartiness of numbers that is likely to be a revelation to the older and sadder political organizations."

Reforms in the Kongo

Leopold's domain may become a Belgian domain

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium has announced the terms on which he will give up the ownership of thirty million people, together with a territory larger than all the States of the American Union east of the Mississippi. He will cede the sovereignty of the Kongo State to Belgium, as well as the fee of the Crown lands, subject to the nation's assumption of the State's debts, amounting to about \$21,000,000, and to a number of other financial obligations. Belgium must reserve for the King his interest in the Kongo revenues during his lifetime, must give him ten million dollars, as "a special token of gratitude," in fifteen annual instalments, for his use in building hospitals and schools and promoting science in Africa, must allow \$24,000 a year out of the Kongo revenues to Leopold's nephew and heir, Prince Albert, after his accession to the throne, and \$15,000 to his third daughter, Princess Clementine, after her marriage; must spend \$9,000,000 in carrying out work already contracted for, and must respect the concessions granted in 1906 to two American companies in which Thomas F. Ryan is interested. Finally, the King is to retain a hundred thousand acres of land for experiments in coffee and cocoa growing, and is to keep his interests in the Kongo concessionary companies and the property in Belgium and France bought with Kongo money. Belgium is to inherit all this property on his death.

The proposed treaty was presented just in time to forestall British intervention for the extinction of Kongo abuses. In a debate in Parliament it had been made clear that British patience was exhausted. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Minister, announced that if there was no reform England might act alone, within her treaty rights and interests. Lord Cromer, whose views on the administration of dependencies command more respect from all parties than those of any other Englishman, made the impressive statement: "I have seen something, and I have heard more, of maladministration in backward states in the hands of despotic, irresponsible rulers, but I assert without hesitation that never in my experience have I seen or have I heard of misrule comparable to the abuses that have grown up in the Kongo State. There has been a cynical disregard of the native races and a merciless exploitation of the country in the interests of foreigners for which I believe a parallel can not be found in the history of modern times." Lord Cromer attributed the abuses in the Kongo to the systematic violation of three cardinal principles of good administration—first, that the same persons should not carry on the work of administration and that of commercial development; second, that the ruler's personal share in the revenues of the state should be fixed, these revenues in general being applied by responsible authorities to objects of public interest; and, third, that the Crown domains should be similarly managed in the general interest of the community. The new arrangement, if accepted in good faith, seems to cover all these points. But the financial terms proposed have aroused strong opposition among some political elements in Belgium, and the whole scheme will be examined very critically in England.

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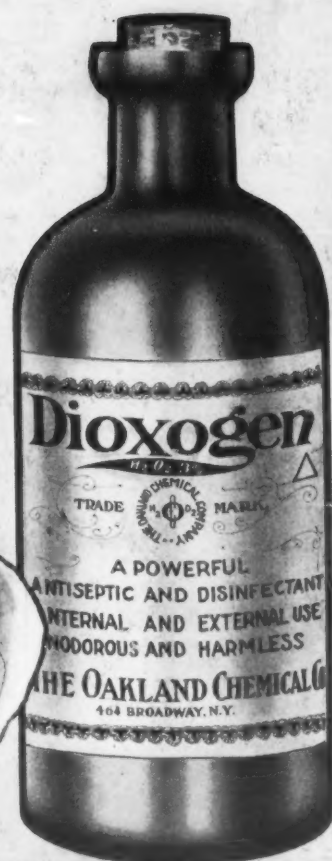
The Difference Between Dioxogen and Peroxide of Hydrogen

Dioxogen is not the same as ordinary Peroxide of Hydrogen. There are 50 different grades of Peroxide of Hydrogen. The marks " $H_2 O_2 3\%$ " mean nothing as to purity. The cheapest grade of Peroxide of Hydrogen used for bleaching, often sold as low as 24c per gallon, may be marked " $H_2 O_2 3\%$."

The bleaching and impure grades are highly injurious if used for toilet purposes. We are the largest manufacturers of all grades of Peroxide of Hydrogen in the United States. Our highest grade—guaranteed absolutely pure and free from acetanilid—is sold only in sealed packages under the copyrighted name DIOXOGEN. It is never sold in bulk. Dioxogen is the purest, highest quality and most reliable Peroxide of Hydrogen in the world, unequalled by any other grade or make. The market is full of all grades of Peroxide of Hydrogen. If you ask merely for Peroxide of Hydrogen, there is no telling what grade you will get. Your only protection against cheap, impure and even bleaching Peroxide of Hydrogen is to ask for Dioxogen by name. Examine the package and see that it bears the printed name DIOXOGEN. At popular prices everywhere.

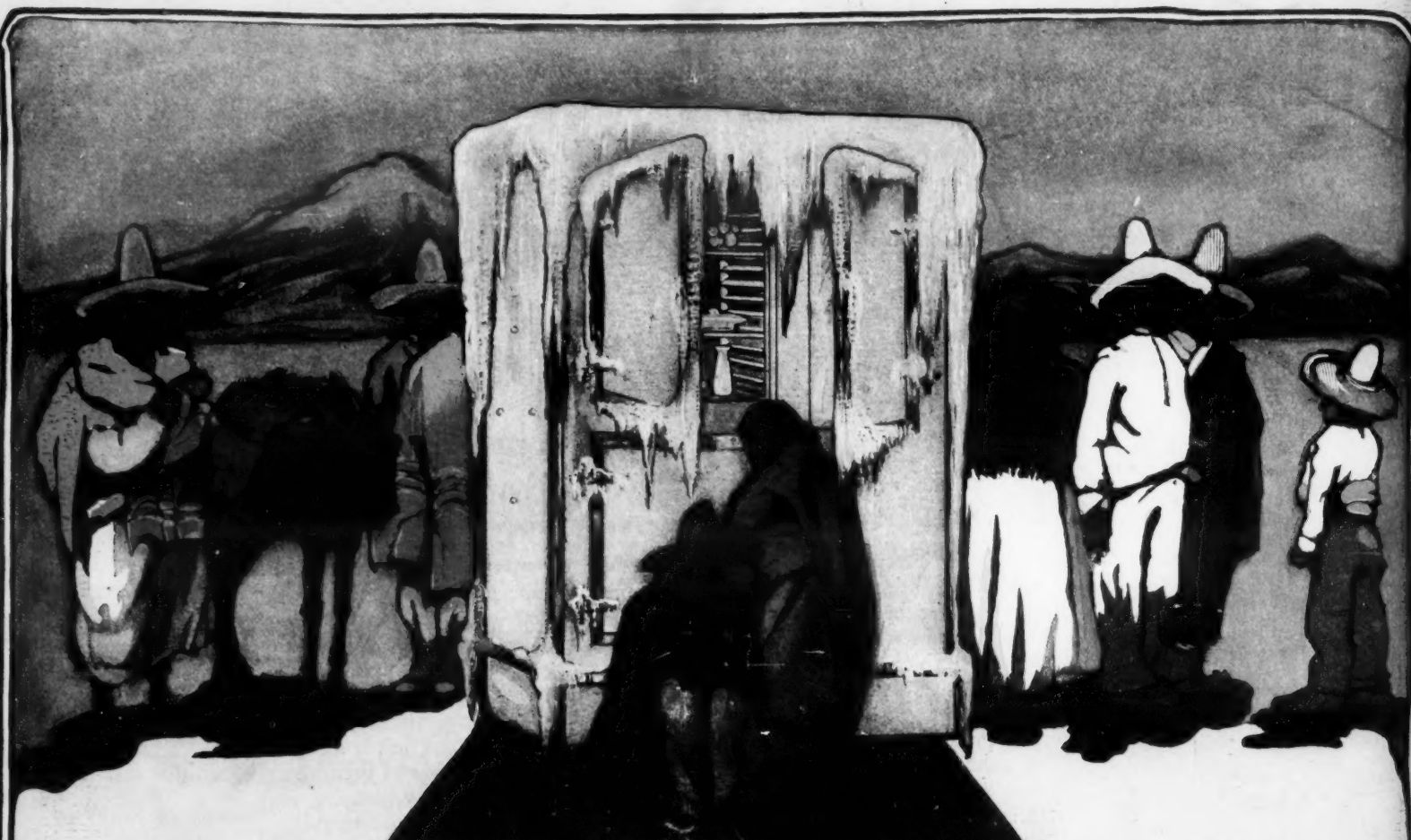
The Oakland Chemical Company
New York

PURE
AS THE
LILY



If this word
Dioxogen is not on the
package it is not genuine

GOULD



THE PERFECT PRESERVATION OF FOOD

in hot weather can only be accomplished in the home by a refrigerating system which insures active circulation of constantly purified air between the ice and provision chambers of a refrigerator.

THE BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

fulfills the requirements and maintains a temperature ten degrees lower than in any other refrigerator.

☐ The fact that the Pullman Company and all American Railroads equip their dining cars with BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATORS, is evidence of the economy and efficiency of the method.

☐ Send for "Cold Storage in the Home," free. Shows how milk can be kept with onions without contamination.

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